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FRINGE VARE REVIEW

- Anita Susan Brenner
- Don Webb
- Jerod Pore
- Paco Xander Nathan
and many more...

issn 1069-5656 • us\$3.95 • issue eleven



cyberlaw



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Where was FRINGEWARE?!

True, this is our first issue published in the past year. Why? Because: a)w e moved and had to save all our drachmae just to get the new lease; b)w e lost our entire Internet site in a tragic meteorite collision; c)our main distributor went tits-up out of business; d)w e had to buy-out one of our business partners; e)our editor did a gig in Vancouver while our art director did a gig in Hollywood to help cover all the expenses; or f)w e temporarily got lost in a massive 7-dimensional shift across a worm-hole into an uncharted dark nebula out in the Alpha quadrant. If you guessed answer "f", then you were right. Of course, all the other answers are also correct, but hey, we're back! So please enjoy, get perturbed, check out the new faces, and by all means, come visit... our business hours run 1800-0600 GMT each day, and you can reach us at:

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FRINGEWARE REVIEW (ISSN 1069-5656) is allegedly published quarterly by FringeWare Inc., 2716 Guadalupe, Austin TX 78705 USA. Annual subscription price: \$15 NorAm, \$30 library rate, US\$25 elsewhere; subscriptions begin with next issue after payment. This issue published 21 feb97 in Austin TX/USA. Copyright©1997, FringeWare Inc. Compilation rights reserved by FWI, all other rights reserved by contributors. Trademarks, registered trademarks and service marks for products and services named are property of respective owners. **Kudos:** Smallworks for tossing packets; Mark Bennett & Graphic Arts for beziers; Donnie & Penny @Kinko's (Austin/BurnetRd) for fibers/toner; Powell Offset for cover; Todd Webb Press for pressing engagements; Sue Hinton & SXSW for the gig; Anathema Enterprises for the hamsters and second hand smoke; gregor markowitz for GPS felonies; the WWW Anagram Server; Bill for cooking the books; Wade & Mojo's for the mocha; Brad Martin & NSCD for the wires; Mark P & SRL for good clean fun; all the entities who've participated in our email list and web site; and all our fringeful customers, subscribers, clients, vendors & advertizers for keeping us solvent. **Art Director:** Jen Brady, Paul "Tiki Guru" Lister, the Right Honorable Professor Gorvetzian, Dr. Watts, /E, Andrew Popyk for software consultation, Bad Sci-Fi Novels, Penny Stocks, Sony Playstation and Greg and Robert for the C4 and the pretzies. **Assistant Editor:** the Hot Geek Hunk o' the Month Contest (www.magdalen.com); **Editor:** PPK & Mishka, Brenner for her patience, PJ for the puns, Bro Russell for saving our souls, Bill, Tom, Diana & Allison for handling SRL, DJ Spooky for loops, Grant for being a good friend, BC for snow to carve on my board. Issue is dedicated to the fond memories of a former West Point cadet named Timothy...our S.M.P.L.E.s abound in your name.

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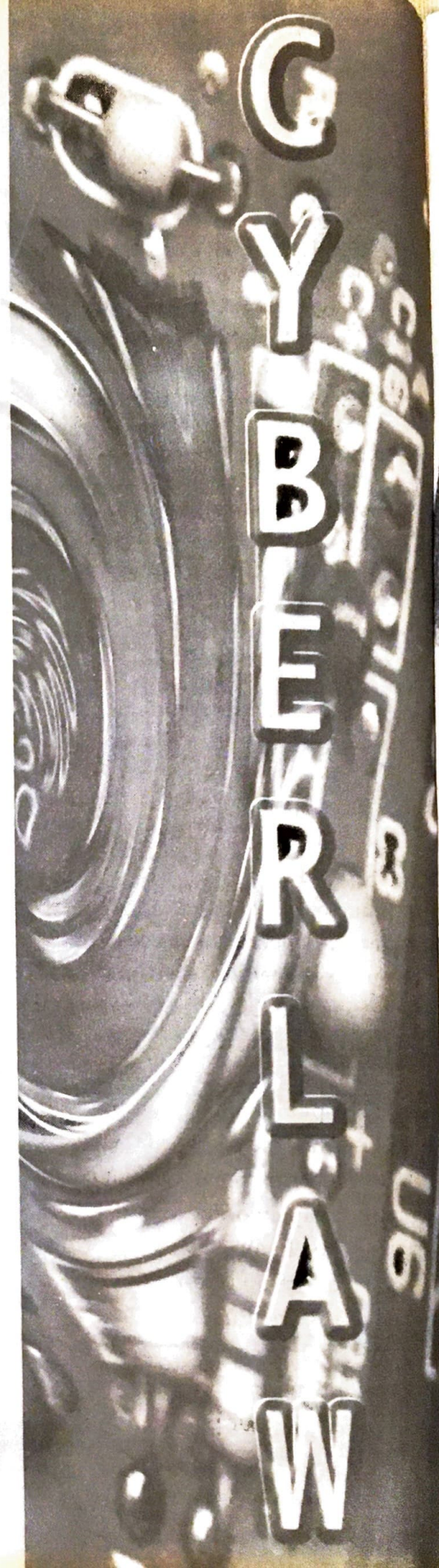
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a few words

Welcome to the cutting edge of Cyberlaw. Those who expect essays on the Communications Decency Act, PGP Encryption or Kevin Mitnick are respectfully referred to more traditional media such as *Time* or *Wired*.

While it is true that the challenge to the CDA is set for argument before the United States Supreme Court this Spring, and that present litigation and legislation will define the future of cyberspace, this issue of *FWR* looks beyond into the mist-covered landscape of tomorrow.

We presume to define the future of Cyberlaw. Property rights, virtual torts and the fiduciary duties of online service providers are part of that future.

The human desire to belong, what some call a tribal quality, is also part of that future. There is also support for the "cyber-culture defense" to criminal conduct in our recognition that cyberspace carries with it the illusion of anonymity, the lowering of inhibitions and the amplification of negative emotions.

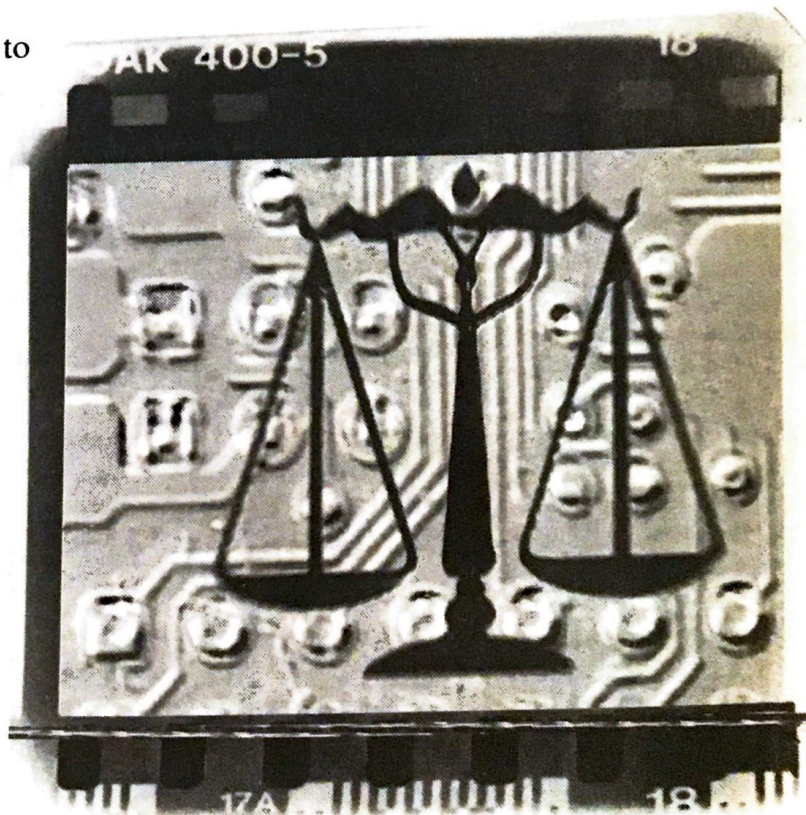
We live in an era where identity-hacking is now so common that some consider it to be the highest and best use of the medium.

From the 12-year old "Emilies" on CompuServe, to the teenie-bopper hackers of AOL, from venous list-spammers to **fredm@well.com**, the Net is full of newbies and oldbies who trip along with very little Cyberlaw to guide them.

Today's supercomputers allow us to apply models of complex adaptive systems to the history of the law. Thus, the future of Cyberlaw also lies in the study of other moments of homeostasis at the edge of uncertainty, in order to understand what is happening to us. In an era of vast technological change, we see the waning of direct evidence in the present criticism of eyewitness identification, recovered memory, and a variety of other "syndromes" which discredit the percipient witness.

In looking to our past, we see the future. Here it is...

Anita Susan Brenner
<brenner@fringeware.com>



Special Kudos to: Leonard, Andrew & Rachel Torres; Maria Mandel; Ian Tilbury — thanks!

On or about October 11, 1994, city.of.light.city.of.magic.com and the Browns entered into a Website Design Agreement. (A copy of the Website Design Agreement and amendments thereto is attached as Exhibit 1 to the Verified Complaint for Injunctive Relief). city.of.light.city.of.magic.com, a Municipal Domain, entered into the Website Design Agreement after determining it would serve the best interests of the people of Cleveland. The Ordinance authorizing city.of.light.city.of.magic.com to enter into the Website Design Agreement defines those public interests as including "provision of alternatives to CompuServe, avoidance of IRC, and enhancement of the computer literacy of the City and its people..." City of Cleveland Ordinance No. 1514-73. (A copy of this Ordinance is attached as Exhibit 2 to the Verified Complaint for Injunctive Relief).

To further the general economic interests of and numerous related intangible benefits to Cleveland and its people, the Website Design Agreement required city.of.light.city.of.magic.com to obtain from the Browns a written guarantee that the Browns would maintain their Internet presence at city.of.light.city.of.magic.com until the Year 2525 (if woman can survive). Specifically, Section 29 of the Website Design Agreement (as amended by the Second Amendment dated February 15, 1995) states:

29. Condition Precedent and Covenant.

Whereas, The Cleveland Browns are a franchise of the National Football League, employing normal individuals and not propellerheads or geeks, and

Whereas, it is well established and understood by the parties that only propellerheads and/or geeks (including, without limitation, dweebs, dilberts, weenies, and foureyes) have the capability to provide the kind of first class website design and maintenance expected and demanded by The Cleveland Browns, and

Whereas, The Cleveland Browns, although poorly managed and pleading poverty, are (as recited above) franchise holders in the National Football League and therefore swimming in money,

It is a condition precedent to the obligations of the parties hereunder that Domain shall design, create and maintain a website that shall, *inter alia*, allow downloading of QuickTime video (with or without sound, depending upon the various helper applications which may be installed at the end user's site) of men with painted faces barking like dogs.

(Second Amendment to the Website Design Agreement, p. 4.)

II. ARGUMENT

Plaintiff Is Entitled To A Temporary Restraining Order. The purpose of a temporary restraining order is "to preserve the status quo until there is an opportunity to hold a hearing on the application for a preliminary injunction." 11 Charles Wright & Arthur Miller, Federal Practice and Procedure 2951 at 498 (1973). A temporary restraining order merely prevents designated parties from exercising their claimed rights pending a determination of the merits. See Zager v. Evans, 20 Gov. App. 3d 370, 374, 486 N.E.2d 859 (1970). Perhaps the most important function of a temporary restraining order is to serve "as a means of preserving the court's ability to grant effective, meaningful relief after a determination of the merits." Yale v. Harvard, 12 Edu. App. 2d 29,29, 231 N.E.2d 341 (1968).

Under applicable principles of Cyberlaw, courts consider the following factors when deciding whether to exercise their discretion to grant a temporary restraining order:

- (1) the likelihood or probability of a plaintiff's success on the merits;
- (2) whether the issuance of the injunction will prevent irreparable harm to the plaintiff;
- (3) what injury to others will be caused by the granting of the injunction;
- (4) whether the public interest will be served by the granting of the injunction; and
- (5) just what does "temporary" really mean, anyway, when you think about it?

NOW v. Later, 86 Net. App. 3d 44, 49, 619 N.E.2d 1145, 1148 (1983). Here, all five of these factors weigh heavily in favor of granting the temporary restraining order.

A. Plaintiff Is Likely To Succeed On The Merits Of Its Claims For Breach Of Contract

In order to succeed on the merits of its claim for breach of contract, plaintiff must demonstrate that defendant breached the contract and that it has been damaged by that breach. See e.g., Stovetop v. Potato, 68 Carb. App. 3d 190, 587 N.E.2d 942, (1990). Defendants' obligations under the terms of the Website Design Agreement are clear. Defendants have embarked upon a scheme to move the Browns' website, <http://www.browns.com/dawg/pound/woof/woof/woof/index.html>, to Baltimore, in breach of their agreements to remain in Cleveland through the Year 2525 (they may find). As a result of defendants' current and anticipated conduct, city.of.light.city.of.magic.com has been and will continue to be damaged. As such, city.of.light.city.of.magic.com is likely to succeed on the merits of its claims for breach of contract.

B. Unless A Temporary Restraining Order Is Issued, Plaintiff Will Suffer Irreparable Injury Before The Court Has An Opportunity To Determine Plaintiff's Rights

Actions by the Browns to move the website in violation of their covenants and agreements not to do so have an immediate, irreparable and detrimental impact on plaintiff city.of.light.city.of.magic.com and the public. It is conservatively estimated that six hundred forty thousand (640,000) hotlinks throughout the World Wide Web will be rendered useless if this shameless hijacking is allowed to proceed. The annoyance, embarrassment and humiliation of Plaintiffs will be very real. Cries of "404 Not Found" will echo throughout cyberspace in lieu of the joyous barking of Browns fans everywhere. The impact of the sudden destruction of these hotlinks will be multi-faceted, pervasive, diverse, far-reaching and substantial, making damages impossible to adequately calculate.

The injury to city.of.light.city.of.magic.com and the public is of a type not adequately compensable by monetary damages.

It is well-established that where, as here, monetary damages will be difficult to ascertain, the requirement of irreparable injury is satisfied. *Ali v. Foreman*, 479 F.2d 1033, 1037 (6th Cir. 1973); accord *Arthur Murray Dance Studios v. Village People*, 62 L. Abs. 17, 105 N.E.2d 685, 701-02 (1982). Moreover, it is similarly recognized that the threat of damage to, or diminution of, intangibles (such as goodwill) constitutes irreparable injury that can only be prevented through injunctive relief. *Kramer v. Kramer*, 973 F.2d 507, (6th Cir. 1981) (citation

omitted); Cal v. Stanford, 943 F.2d 595, 608 (6th Cir. 1991) (citations omitted). Accordingly, injunctive relief must be provided here because absent injunctive relief, city.of.light.city.of.magic.com will suffer an irreparable injury.

C. A Temporary Restraining Order Will Not Cause Substantial Harm To Others

In contrast to the irreparable injury to city.of.light.city.of.magic.com which would inevitably result absent injunctive relief, defendants will not be harmed by the issuance of a temporary restraining order. city.of.light.city.of.magic.com merely seeks an order to preserve the status quo and requiring defendants to honor their clear contractual obligations. As such, defendants will not be harmed by the issuance of a temporary restraining order.

D. The Public Interest Would Be Served By The Issuance Of Plaintiff's Temporary Restraining Order

Ensuring that defendants honor their agreements is in the public interest. In addition to the considerable and diverse financial benefits - both direct and indirect - attributable to the presence of the Browns' website at city.of.light.city.of.magic.com, the domain derives a wide range of intangible benefits from its relationship (contractual and otherwise) with the Browns. For example, it is well-established that the Browns' fans in Cleveland and the surrounding communities are among the most computer-literate fans of professional football in the country, and are recognized throughout the country for their loyalty and willingness to spend many hours holding on 900-numbers in order to receive technical support.

E. Just What Does "Temporary" Really Mean, Anyway, When You Think About It?

Wow.

Accordingly, all five factors support granting the temporary restraining order.

III. CONCLUSION

Because plaintiff has shown a substantial likelihood of success on the merits of its claims, as well as irreparable injury that will result if its Motion is denied, this Court should issue a temporary restraining order against defendants enjoining, restraining and ordering them as follows: (1) to hold and maintain the Browns' World Wide Website, <http://www.browns.com/dawg/pound/woof/woof/woof/index.html>, at city.of.light.city.of.magic.com; (2) to refrain from taking any actions which would cause the operation of such website at city.of.light.city.of.magic.com to be lost or impaired or diminished in any respect; (3) from taking any actions which would cause such website to be transferred to any Internet access provider other than city.of.light.city.of.magic.com; or (4) from taking any actions which would cause such website to be modified to prevent the downloading of QuickTime video.

Respectfully submitted,

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FRINGE WARE REVIEW

10.7



Virtually Criminal

by Antony Johnston <j0437306@virtual-pc.com>



"Good morning, Justicar. Welcome to the Net, courtesy of Online, Incorporated. You have 5 new messages."

I'll check them later. Right now I'm soaring up above the gateway, towards my news server. The blue revolving globe on its roof reflects the virtual sun. As I glide in through the glass doors the server reads my user ID and sorts my subscribed groups. I step into a lift, hit one of the dozen buttons—the one marked *alt.fan.music.industrial*—and the doors open into a room. I step through.

There's about a dozen people in here. I recognise about half of them (not that that means anything—the other half could be people I know well with new icons), and conversation is loud and heated. Ignoring the chat for a while, I rummage through the postings box by the lift doors.

One article catches my eye—the subject line contains a URL for a *Nine Inch Nails* homeroom. Sure, you remember *NIN*, they were big back in the '90s.

I grab hold of the URL, mentally double-clicking it. Instantly, I'm outside the server's construct, and a second later I start to move. The URL is drawing me to it like a magnet. I don't have the faintest idea where it'll take me, and I couldn't map it if I tried—I'm already in the long distance link to the USA, flying over the virtual Atlantic at breakneck speed. Atlantis blurs by and then I'm out, heading to a Web server somewhere at the speed of data.

Slam! I'm there. Hey, this isn't too bad. There's a pic or two of Mr Reznor, of course, some of them album covers...but here's a prize. A blue cube with **LYRICS.DAT** scrawled on it—which opens to my touch. Sure enough, it's a file of all the lyrics. Well, I never bought *Downward Spiral*, I taped it off a friend, so I never learnt the lyrics. I squeeze the piece of virtual paper inside and a small red pulse flies out and up, towards the gate. It's heading for my hard drive.

The room has a few doors leading from it, but I recognise all the names on them. They're all links I've taken before. So I mentally hit the **BACK** button and get drawn back to the news server in the UK. While I'm in the cool blue tube of the LDL, I notice the familiar red-and-yellow blur of a netcop, travelling three times as fast as me through the cops' own line. Some poor bastard's in for it.

Back in *a.f.m.industrial*, there's hardly anyone left, just three people. And one of them wears a red-and-yellow jacket.

He walks towards me. Shit, what's he want with ME? I'm no hacker!

"Justicar?" he asks grimly. American accent.

"Yes," I reply. No point in trying to lie to these people.

"User ID 25872ARJ7RQ?"

"Yes."

"You're under arrest for breach of copyright. A hard officer will be at your place of residence shortly. Do not attempt to leave. Kindly close your connection."

OK, so it's fiction. There are a number of ways you can tell: the Gibsonian Net, the reference to *NIN* as "back in the nineties", the netcops. None of this is reality.

Wrongo. Netcops are already here, albeit in different forms. The CDA, the FBI, the EFF, Compu-Serve (after their German, ahem, problem). Many different people are watching and monitoring the Net, for different reasons and in different ways.

If I approached you on the street and told you "I don't give a fucking shit what Congress thinks or does", the only thing you could do is walk away (providing I wasn't breaking any noise regulations or inciting you to cause a fracas). I am exercising my right to free speech, and there's fuck all you can do about it. **THE WORD ITSELF IS NOT A CRIME.**

Now let's assume I post an article to Usenet saying much the same thing. The subject header clearly says, **POLITICAL WHINGEING—EXPLICIT LANGUAGE.**

This time, I can be arrested.

In fact, I can be arrested for saying the same thing to you in a **PRIVATE** email message on a **CLOSED** system, thanks to the CDA.

So what constitutes privacy on the Net? The right to consenting private conversations via email? The right to exercise freedom of speech and opinion without interference from the law? Your personal privacy is pretty much guaranteed from other Net users simply because an email address has no connection whatsoever to your physical location. But everything you transmit (and receive) can be monitored by someone.

Antony Johnston is 24 and lives in rural mid-England. He believes in truth, justice and the information superhighway.

go with our global village) or full coöperation between member countries? Considering resources, almost certainly the latter (although what happens regarding the countries that AREN'T members of this agreement? Full electronic isolation?). There is a third option, that of each domain having its own netcops, policing only what enters/leaves their own site. Whilst the prospect of having some Sony netcop watching your every move while you read the movie site may be scary, this is probably the best solution, allowing a form of self-censorship. We'll therefore assume it won't be used.

So, we have a network of national netcops. What sort of powers do these people have? If a Japanese netcop decides to arrest me, he might contact the UK division and inform them. Realistically, they would then have to concur that a crime has indeed been committed. Although this means I can appeal to my own country's police force, it also sidesteps the rather costly business of extradition, which could cause netcops to be a bit trigger-happy. They could drop my carrier, seize my email and force my ISP to deny me access. Then they'd call the "hard" cops round.

In fact, hard cops are probably already there, informed the moment my access was cut off. I'd barely have time to switch off my modem before there was a knock at the door.

Or are the hard cops even necessary? A court summons could be electronically despatched and on my doormat within 24 hours. Ah, the paperless courtroom.

There's one more point I want to make at this juncture, and that's the one of CLIENT CONFIDENTIALITY of the kind exercised by doctors and lawyers. Currently, if Scotland Yard wants to find out who *jo437306@virtual-pc.com* is, they need a warrant. They have to prove to a judge that they have good reason for wanting access to Virtual PC's records about me. Even then, the issue is a tetchy one.

But if some sort of netcop charter is made and enforced, the police will NEED to have access to your records, to identify you from your online alter ego. Even anonymous remailers keep some record of who you are and what you posted.

And I don't like that

"Good evening, Justicar. Welcome to the Net..."

As I draw a square with my virtual fingers, a red box—my mailbox—coalesces in front of me. I open it up and reach inside—3 new messages. As I pull them out, a soft halo of red-and-yellow envelopes my hand, then fades as I open the first letter. Damn scanners.

It's from Angel, an acquaintance I've made in the *alt.cyberpunk* group. Checking the time, I realise he's only just posted it, so he might still be there. I archive the other two emails and fly up to my news server, hitting the *alt.cyberpunk* button before the doors are even closed.

I'm in time—he's there. As I wave and move towards him, I catch a red-and-yellow jacket out the

corner of my eye. It's only after seeing the netcop I notice how subdued the conversation is compared to normal in here. Angel and I chat for a while quietly, all the time avoiding eye contact with the netcop.

Finally, he leaves. If constructs could breathe, there'd be one almighty sigh of relief in this room right now. Angel has to go, too, so I call up those two emails again. One's a digest I subscribe to, and the guy who runs it has finally got a homeroom up and running. I touch the URL, and I'm off again, speeding over the Atlantic. After passing through a red-and-yellow scanner, that is.

The evidence of bureaucracy is all around: mid-Ocean malls, a seemingly endless procession of sites "under construction", and the ever-present red-and-yellows.

Off in the States again, and the URL reels me in. I notice we're heading out of the "city" into a sparsely populated area of cyberspace, towards one mother of a fortress.

With a shock, I realise he works at a defence base—sure enough, I'm taken to the public partition, where his room construct floats around me.

But I can't concentrate on reading his theories on the future of cyberspace. I'm too aware of the netcop that zipped up right behind me the moment I crossed the boundary of this high priority defence location, oblivious as I was to where I was headed.

I leave, the way I came, not bothering to read the speculation. Already, I can see the netcop rising up to the LDL, inevitably heading for my ISP's accessible records.

Back in RL™, I can almost hear the coming phone call.

Fiction?

Editor's Epilogue:

The *Communications Decency Act* itself may be no more, but the threat of its mindset, its political opportunism, and hence the threat of its reconception lingers, festering... During final production of this issue, the publisher of FWR was visited by an FBI special agent investigating alleged acts by a third-party, which the local Austin police had associated with our web site. Without reasonable legislation and legal due-process, you might not be reading this very content.



We the People

insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the
and our Posterity, We ordain and establish the

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein
of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives
in each State shall have ^{the} Qualifications requisite for
No Person shall be a Representative who
and who shall not when elected be an Inhabitant

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall
not have more than three fifths of the Members
and within every subsequent Term of ten Years
only one third out each State shall have at
admitted to have three Representatives
right Delaware one, Maryland two, Virginia
When vacancies happen in the Repres

the House of Representatives shall choose
Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall

Jake Baker

by Lee Tien <tien@well.com>

"C'mon, man let's go," my friend said. So we got the gasoline and spread it all over #s apartment. We chucked it over her. It must have burned like hell when it came into contract with her open cuts, but I couldn't tell. Her face was already a mask of pain, and her body quivered fiercely.

"Goodbye, #" I said, and lit a match...

Thus ends one of the more infamous writings posted on Usenet in years—infamous because the story, a piece of violent and sexual "snuff" fiction posted to the **alt.sex.stories** newsgroup, triggered the criminal prosecution of its author.

Jake Baker is no longer under threat of prosecution: the charges against him were dismissed in June 1995. United States v. Baker, 890 F.Supp. 1375 (E.D. Mich. 1995). The court found that Baker's email statements were not criminally punishable threats under the First Amendment, but the issues raised cannot be so easily dismissed.

The law under which Baker was prosecuted, 18 U.S.C. 875(c) reads:

Whoever transmits in interstate or foreign commerce any communication containing any threat to kidnap any person or any threat to injure the person of another, shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than five years, or both.

A statement within the statute must be: "(1) a transmission in interstate [or foreign] commerce; (2) a communication containing a threat; and (3) the threat must be a threat to injure [or kidnap] the person of another." United States v. DeAndino, 958 F.2d 146, 148 (6th Cir.), cert. denied, 112 S. Ct. 2997 (1992).

We typically think of a threat as a promise to hurt someone. However, a threat need not demand action; it can simply be "an expression of intention

to inflict pain, injury, evil or punishment on a person or thing."

In legal usage, a threat is an expression of intent to injure which operates either to compel someone to act or refrain from acting, or to induce fear on the part of the hearer or persons to whom the immediate hearer can be expected to relay the expression. In the Jake Baker case, the government proposed to instruct the jury that: "transmission contains a threat if a reasonable person would have taken the defendant's statement as a serious expression of an intention to inflict bodily harm or kidnap."

This instruction blurs the distinction between "act" and "intent".

the acts themselves were not "true threat", regardless of Baker's intent.

Determination of intent is complex in the area of "speech acts" such as threats. Unless words are uttered during dreams or under duress, it is usually clear that when a person speaks, he or she does so voluntarily, which satisfies the legal requirement of "general intent" set forth in 18 U.S.C. 875(c).

A threat is a statement which expresses an intention to inflict bodily harm or to kidnap: the words must express an intent. There must also be intent about the threatened act. Did Jake Baker intend to carry out the threat? Finally, what was his intent in making the statement? Did he intend to frighten a



In general, liability under Anglo-American criminal law depends on both "act" and "intent". It's not enough that you do a prohibited act; you must also do it with a certain state of mind. Two otherwise identical acts are not the same if they're done with different mental states: killing in self-defense is not murder. Intent is important because criminal law is not only about harm-causing, but also about blame and fault. The judge in the Jake Baker case did not discuss this issue in detail, because he decided that

victim, regardless of whether he intended to carry out his threat? But suppose I frighten you with a ghost story? So one might also think in terms of an intent to threaten—that I intend to frighten you precisely by representing that I might do the act of which I speak.

Unless the words express an intent to do harm, there is no threat. Jake Baker did not intend to carry out the threatened act.

While I've taken pains to unpack the meaning of intent here, there is relatively little concern for this in

the case, because the requirements to establish a threat are so tough. As a practical matter, words rarely pass the "true threat" test without the speaker or writer also having specific intent.

Let's look at the "true threat" test. Mr. Watts was at a small public rally at the Washington Monument. After the crowd had broken into small discussion groups, someone suggested that young people should get more education before expressing their views. Watts responded:

"They always holler at us to get an education. And now I have already received my draft classification as 1-A and I have got to report for my physical this Monday coming. I am not going. If they ever make me carry a rifle the first man I want to get in my sights is L.B.J."

The Supreme Court decided that "a statute...which makes criminal a form of pure speech, must be interpreted with the commands of the First Amendment clearly in mind. What is a threat must be distinguished from constitutionally protected speech." Watts v. United States, 394 U.S. 705, 706-707 (1969).

Under Watts, the government must initially prove a "true threat" to pass constitutional muster. Relevant factors include: the statement's context; whether it was political; whether it was conditional; and the reaction of the listeners. The Court found that Watts' statement was mere "political hyperbole", as opposed to a threat to the life of the President.

The case law of threats has developed in the context of what most of us would think are true threats. Thus, in United States v. Kelner, 534 F.2d 1020, 1027 (2d Cir.), cert. denied, 429 U.S. 1022 (1976), the court noted that the purpose and effect of the "true threat" requirement is "to insure that only unequivocal, unconditional and specific expressions of intention immediately to inflict injury may be punished", like extortion, blackmail, or assault. The words must be a "threat which on its face and in the circumstances in which it is made is so unconditional, unequivocal, immediate and specific as to the person threatened, as to convey a gravity of purpose and imminent prospect of execution", a requirement with "much the same purpose and effect" as one of specific intent to execute the threat. Kelner, 534 F.2d at 1027.

Jake Baker's attorneys relied on this case law, and argued that most cases "involve direct threats of immediate violent action to a specific person or a specific group of persons. Generally the speaker is angry, irate or just outright nuts. In all of the cases, the state-

ments serve no purpose except to induce some kind of apprehension in the mind of the person receiving the threat."

Baker's story triggered his prosecution, but it's important to keep in mind that he wasn't actually prosecuted for the story itself. The judge's decision was based on the charges of the superseding indictment, which rested only on Baker's email with a correspondent named "Gonda":

Gonda: "It's always a pleasure hearing back from you...I had a great orgasm today thinking of how you and I would torture this very very petite and cute south american girl in one of my classes... BTW speaking of torture, I have got this great full length picture of the Mahaffy girl Paul Bernardo killed, she is wearing this short skirt!"

Baker: "Just thinking about it anymore doesn't do the trick...I NEED TO DO IT."

Gonda: "My feelings exactly! We have to get together...I will give you more details as soon as I find out my situation...."

Baker: "Alrighty then. If not next week, or in January, then definitely sometime in the Summer. Pickings are better then too. Although it's more crowded."

Baker: "I can't wait to see you in person. I've been trying to think of secluded spots, but my knowledge of Ann Arbor is mostly limited to the campus. I don't want any blood in my room, though I have come upon an excellent method to abduct a bitch—

As I said before, my room is right across from the girl's bathroom. Wait until late at night, grab her when she goes to unlock the door. Knock her unconscious, and put her into one of those portable lockers (forget the word for it), or even a duffle bag. Then hurry her out to the car and take her away... What do you think?"

The government argued that "the Constitution does not impel the government to stay its hand until true threats ripen into physical violence" and that "Jake Baker was not indicted for lusting after women or for fantasizing. He is the subject of a criminal prosecution because he discussed kidnapping women in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Boardman, Ohio, he cultivated a relationship with a willing accomplice, and he used international electronic transmissions to devise plans to meet the accomplice and carry out violent acts... These facts, coupled with Baker's emphatic statement that 'I NEED TO DO IT', left the United States Attorney no choice." The messages viewed as a whole

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reflect "the evolution of their activities from shared fantasies to a firm plan of action."

The judge disagreed because "messages constituting 'shared fantasies'" are not "true threats." The First Amendment required that to be a "true threat", any message or words must "contain some language construable as a serious expression of an intent imminently to carry out some injurious act", from the perspective of the foreseeable recipients of the communication. Because the email messages were sent only to Gonda, the proper interpretive perspective was "how a reasonable person would expect Gonda to interpret" them. Gonda could not have felt fear or been coerced; the only applicable justification for punishing threats here was that threatened violence would occur.

The court distinguished "musings" or "desires", "however unsavory", from a true threat, which expresses "intent to commit the injury or kidnapping." Intention may not be inferred from an expression of desire; the intent to act must be expressed in the statement. While a specific person need not be named, the words must be specific enough as to a target to make it "more than hypothetical."

Applying this framework, the court found that none of the counts could be a true threat. There was a lack of targeting specificity as to the victim. 13- and 14-year old girls who reside in Ann Arbor, Michigan, was not specific. Nothing identified Baker's neighbor as a teen-age girl. "[T]he only class of people to whom the messages can be taken to refer is 13- or 14-year old girls, anywhere. This class is too indeterminate to satisfy Kelner's requirement of specificity as to the person threatened[.]"

In contrast, counts concerning young women in Baker's dormitory were found to be sufficiently specific.

The second ground for dismissal was the lack of an identifiable threatened action in Baker's words. The judge found that Baker's statements of his "tastes", his desire "to do it to" a young girl or make her cry, or his dreams, did not constitute expressions of intention to do "any identifiable threatened action". Even when he expressed a desire "to do it to" a 13- or 14-year old girl, Baker referred to no specific action.

"To infer an intention to act upon the thoughts and dreams from this language would stray far beyond the bounds of the First Amendment, and would amount to punishing Baker for his thoughts and desires." The judge recognized that while Baker's statement expressing his "NEED TO DO IT" "indicates a

strong desire, it still falls short of 'unequivocal unconditional and specific expression of intention immediately to inflict injury,' Kelner, 534 F.2d at 1027; 'needs' go un-met everyday."

Other email messages did refer to actions, but the judge found that the only possible statement of action was the discussion of a "method to abduct". "Discussion of a method of kidnapping or injuring a person is not punishable unless the statement includes an unequivocal and specific expression of intention immediately to carry out the actions discussed." No such intention is expressed; instead, Baker again seeks Gonda's reaction, "What do you think?" The judge found that "[d]iscussing the commission of a crime is not tantamount to declaring an intention to commit the crime."

Even the email about meeting indicated "at most, an intention to meet Gonda at some definite point in the future—in the next week, month, or several months later. This statement does not express an unequivocal intention immediately to do anything. Also, nothing... indicates any intention to commit specific acts if Baker and Gonda ever were to meet."

Thus, the judge concluded, "[t]his prosecution presents the rare case in which, in the government's words, 'the language set forth... is so facially insufficient that it cannot possibly amount to a true threat.'"

The judge's reasoning was not completely persuasive, but it correctly concluded that Baker's messages did not meet the Kelner standard. There are a few more issues lurking in the opinion:

The judge noted that "all of the language for which Baker is charged was contained in private email messages he sent to Gonda. The messages were not available in any publicly accessible part of the Internet, and there is no allegation that they were ever distributed... to anyone other than Gonda. Nothing in these private messages suggests that they would be further distributed. It is only as a result of this prosecution and the ensuing publicity that the content of the messages has been publicly aired."

It's true that a statement of threat need not be communicated to the target, but the ACLU argued that published threats are different from private messages. When a statement is made "in the open", there's more chance of fear, disruption and other social costs. "Baker's messages amounted to an ongoing personal conversation—intimate, secret, and undivulged—the antithesis of the open threats at issue in prior case law." Baker's attorneys also argued that email exchanges are more like conversations than written

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statements, spontaneous and not deliberate. It's doubtful, though, that this matters under either the First Amendment or the statute.

In noting that the email messages were private, the judge had a different issue in mind. From whose perspective do we look at these words? The courts have held that "a threat is not a state of mind in the threatener; it is an appearance in the victim." United States v. Holzer, 816 F.2d 304, 310 (7th Cir.), vacated on other grounds, 484 U.S. 807 (1987). Some courts rely on generalized community standards. Here, the judge found that because Gonda was the only foreseeable recipient of the messages, the statements had to be interpreted from Gonda's perspective. One could raise the issue with respect to the story as well: should it be evaluated by general community standards, or by those who read *alt.sex.stories*?

Are we reading everything Jake Baker ever wrote? Everything that relates to Jane Doe? Each message as an individual item, as though written by a different person? The government argued that the email messages should be read as a whole and showed the evolution of a "firm plan of action." When Prof. MacKinnon, during a panel discussion of the prosecution, analyzed the case, she tied the story and the email messages together, noting first that the story

was "an account of abducting, raping, elaborate torture, and murder," and then turning to a specific email message suggesting "a plan to kidnap." The court rejected these approaches; the story was not part of the superseding indictment, and each count was analyzed independently.

Was the Jane Doe story a threat? The simple answer is that fiction cannot, by definition, be a threat. But before we look at that answer, let's first consider why we punish threats. As the Supreme Court recently noted in a case involving burning a cross on someone's lawn, non-coercive threats can be regulated in order to "protect individuals from the fear of violence, from the disruption that fear engenders, and from the possibility that the threatened violence will occur." R.A.V. v. City of St. Paul 505 U.S. 377 (1992). While this was not a "threat" case, I think that it sketches the basic utilitarian reasons we punish threats. In the case of coercive or extortionate threats, e.g., "I'm going to do X unless you do Y," the threatener is violating someone's autonomy. He is entitled to persuade you to do Y, but not to threaten you. (Unless the person actually has a right to do X—your commanding officer might be entitled to do X unless you do Y.)

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Mike Diana v. The People by Scot Casey <bjones@fringeware.com>

I was reminded of the Mike Diana case; here is the relevant information, taken from the back of one of Mike's comics:

"On March 25, 1994 Mike Diana was convicted of three counts of obscenity for his zine - 'Boiled Angel' #7 and #8. He spent four days in jail making him THE first cartoonist in United States history to be jailed for his art.

Mike was given three years probation, a \$3000 fine, 1300 hours of community service, undergo a psychiatric evaluation at Diana's own expense of \$1200, to stay a minimum of ten feet from anyone under ten years of age, take a journalism ethics course, and he was ordered NOT to draw or create ANYTHING that might be considered OBSCENE.

The police were allowed to conduct, at any time, a surprise search of Diana's apartment to check for signs of art being produced."

On January 9, 1997, Mike Diana's request for an appeal of his obscenity conviction was denied. He must now surrender himself to the Florida State Court to begin serving his sentence. Future appeals are not allowed in Florida. So his next option is to petition the United States Supreme Court to hear his case. Bear in mind that only 3% of all cases submitted to the Supreme Court are accepted. In addition, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, which has been paying for many of Diana's legal expenses, does not have the resources to support taking the case to the Supreme Court. Diana's publisher, Michael Hunt Publications, will be releasing an anthology to help fund Diana's petition. The anthology, entitled *Fuck Florida*, will cost \$10; all proceeds go to Diana's defense fund. For more information about how you can help, contact Michael Hunt Publications at:

MHuntPubs@aol.com

One reason we might deem the story a threat is because it has the effects of a threat: it might create fear of violence and even disruption engendered by such fear. What the narrator and his friend do to the fictive Jane Doe is horrible and makes many people shudder.

But many representations create fear. Horror movies are intended to scare you. The movie-maker might be pleased to know that after seeing the movie, you looked around nervously as you walked home.

The world may seem more threatening because of the movie—you might stop going out at night alone—but that is not the same as threatening you.

The movie-maker does not intend your fear to be caused by believing that she is going to do the acts described in the movie. Causing or intending to cause feelings of fear in someone is not the *sine qua non* of a threat.

If you send me a story about a gruesome murder, I might think that you mean to make me think that you might murder me. Here there are really two separate speech acts: the story itself, and the act of making me the recipient of the story.

Baker's attorneys argued that "imputing the conduct of a character in a fictional story to the story's author presents an insurmountable burden. Jake Baker's stories are not veiled threats; they are works of fiction." Fiction is not reality. Although the easiest way to frame this argument is in these terms, it's really a shorthand way of saying that the author of fiction had no intent to threaten anyone. Fiction writers don't produce effects of fear or disruption by asserting that they are going to do something to someone.

Once you learn that the story's victim had the same name as the student at Baker's university, it's easy to begin to wonder if Baker might actually do what he talked about in the story. Naming the fictional victim after a real person seems to cross a line. (I think that alone isn't enough; it matters that he knew Jane Doe and lived near enough to her that he could hurt her. Suppose he had named her Jodie Foster?) A bridge has been built to the real world, and we're now considering whether referring to Jane Doe entitles us to treat the story as a piece of information about Baker's intention to act.

Again, the bright line answer is that fiction is fiction. "Sherlock Holmes lived in London" makes perfect sense even though Holmes only exists in fiction. That Sherlock Holmes lived in London shows that

fiction may refer to the real world and still be fiction. Baker never claimed that the story was anything but a story. It was one of at least three stories he posted to the newsgroup, and it was prefaced by the statement that "The following story contains lots of sick stuff. You have been warned."

Our unease, however, stems from being unsure in the first place whether Baker's story was fiction. How do we know it was really fiction? Isn't it possible that he labeled the story fiction in some sort of twisted self-foreshadowing? Here the cyberspatial nature of the story's publication may color people's judgment. In the real world, we depend on a lot of context, a lot of social and cultural conventions, to make the judgment of Fiction v. Reality. Many genres of popular culture, like docudrama representations of recent events, blur that line for dramatic impact.

A story published on the Internet is decontextualized. Who was Baker? His story didn't come packaged in a glossy cover, cleared by the legal department of a publishing house. It lacked many of the indicia of "socially sanctioned writing"

A related factor is the immediacy of the connection between author and work. To some degree, we see author-and-work as a whole, each a channel into the other. We study writers' lives to better understand their writing; we study their writing for clues as to who they are. We see the work as a part of the person.

In the real world, the author-work connection is attenuated. Books are edited. With more collaborative works like movies, we might not even use the author concept. After all, whatever their aesthetic merits, these works are ultimately intended to make money. Authorship is corporate. But writing like Baker's is unmediated by editors or commercialism. That may

An Apology To Marcus Boon

The publishers of FWR would like to make a public apology to Marcus Boon, the author of an article entitled "The Uses of Chaos" which appeared in FWR#10. This article was edited in a way such that it misrepresented the original intentions of the author. Original text for the article can now be obtained at:

<http://www.fringeware.com/fwr/fwr10-46.html>

make it easier to view his words as reflecting his inner self.

Ultimately, the government's position had nothing to do with whether the messages were threats, but with whether Baker would do something. On appeal of Baker's pre-trial detention, the government said: "This is the rare case in which we know how a defendant thinks and what he desires to do, and it is imperative that this Court stop him." As MacKinnon put it, "If the authorities had waited until these things had been acted on, if they were, you should ask yourself what you would think of those authorities if you knew that they had this information... [I]f this isn't a threat, what is?... [W]hat further words are you waiting for, for it to be one?"

How much latitude does the government have here? As Baker's attorneys put it, the prosecution assumed "that it can accurately predict Mr. Baker's future criminal actions from the thoughts and ideas he expresses in private and in public. In making that assumption, the government puts us all at risk." In legal terms punishing words because the speaker may act on expressed desires is a form of "inchoate preparatory crime" like attempt or conspiracy. And as the judge noted, the threat statute isn't about such things; if

Baker and Gonda had been charged as co-conspirators, the charges would fail for lack of any overt act in furtherance of the alleged plan.

Postscript

Shortly before this article went to press, the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the decision below (2-1), but on different grounds. *United States v. Alkhabaz*, F.3d, 1997 FED App. 0036P (6th Cir. 1997) (<http://www.law.emory.edu/6circuit/jan97/97a0036p.06.html>).

The appellate decision affirmed the district court's dismissal of the indictment against Jake Baker, but on the nonconstitutional ground "that the indictment failed, as a matter of law, to allege violations of Section 875(c)." As a result, the 6th Circuit, unlike the district court, "decline[d] to address the First Amendment issues."

The Court's Analysis

The prevailing law had said that 875(c) requires proof of three elements: a transmission in interstate commerce; a communication containing a threat; and that the threat is a threat to injure another. The 6th Circuit held that the government failed to prove the

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Cir.), *cert. denied*, 505 U.S. 1206 (1992), had not required the government to prove intimidation.

The majority apparently believed that the district court had reached the right result, but wanted to affirm without reaching the First Amendment issue—a difficult task. Normally, courts seek to avoid constitutional questions and thus try to decide statutory cases by narrowly interpreting the statute instead. But if the statutory text cannot be narrowly construed without serious distortion, courts should reach constitutional issues.

The majority's first problem was that DeAndino had clearly made 875(c) a "general intent" crime. The threatener does not need to intend to threaten; what matters is that a reasonable person would take the meaning of the expression as a threat, e.g., an intention to inflict bodily harm on another. Second, the district court's reliance on Kelner was dubious because DeAndino seems to reject its use in the Sixth Circuit. As a general rule, a circuit court ruling like DeAndino is binding on later circuit courts until and unless reversed by the circuit sitting *en banc* or the Supreme Court.

Thus, the majority felt constrained not to focus on intent and had to squeeze "intimidation" into the "act" portion of the crime by saying that the crime's "actus reus" was that a reasonable person would perceive intimidation in the communication. This move was a stretch. The majority had already said that the critical point was whether the "communication...is conveyed for the purpose of furthering some goal through...intimidation."

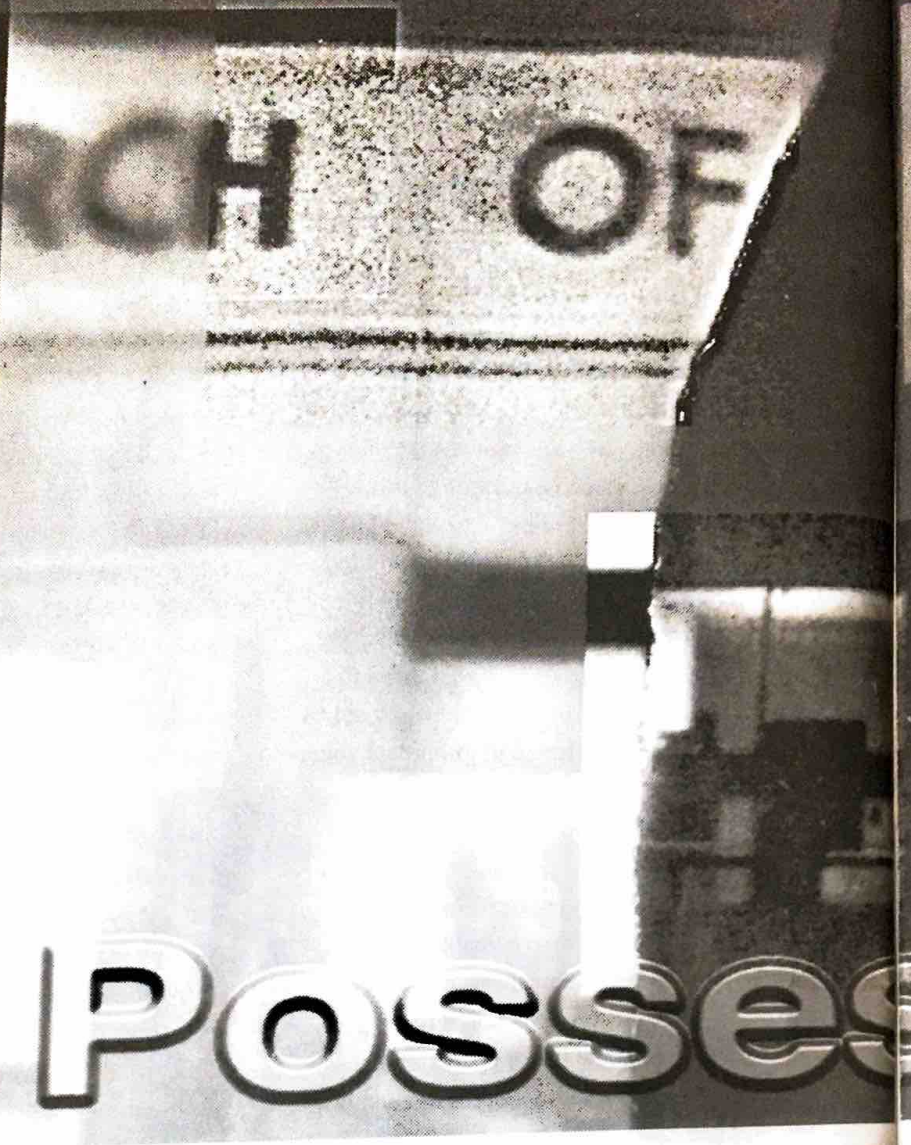
Thus, the dissent pointedly noted that the majority “materially deforms the criminal act...by judicially implanting ‘intent to intimidate or coerce someone to attain some change or goal’ as an element of the criminal act.” But while the dissent’s criticism was on point, its alternative interpretation was itself dubious and would produce the literal absurdities noted in Bellrichard. The better approach would have been to follow the district court’s reasoning. However, the Sixth Circuit did not, and as a result, the Baker-Alkhabaz decisions set little, if any, First Amendment precedent.

Commentary

Although the 6th Circuit decision reaches the right result, its reasoning is muddy. The dissent is probably right that the majority's interpretation of 875(c) was weakly, if at all, supported by precedent; the critical case, *United States v. DeAndino*, 958 F.2d 146 (6th



by Jerod Pore <jerod23@netcom.com>



The analogy of the Net community as being very much the Wild West is getting pretty damn trite, and not just from overuse. The Wild West wasn't all that wild for very long, and the Net has gotten "civilized" in a similarly short period of time. And with "civilization" comes criminals, vandals, morons, scam artists, property disputes, and asswipes polluting the gene pool. And where the mythic Wild West had a place or two where all of the lowlife congregated (e.g. Boot

SCIENTOLOGY s of the Net

Hill), so does the Net. You can find them all in the form of the “Church” of Scientology and the place is the Usenet newsgroup *alt.religion.scientology*—site of the most intense flamewar in the history of digital communications, where it has spilled out of the computers and into courtrooms, houses, back alleys, newsrooms and the cigarette butt-ridden cars of sleazy private investigators. Verily this is the first flamewar fought with live ammunition. Computers were stolen▶

under the guise of writs of seizure exploiting a rarely-used provision of copyright law, a dog was drowned in a swimming pool, phones were tapped, parents and children of critics harassed, mail stolen, accounts hacked, one person has disappeared off of the face of the earth (not just The Net), and just about every nixonian dirty trick you can think of was played.

When Anita first asked me to write an article about what I'd look for in a CyberLawyer, I was thinking of a hypothetical situation of stashing hot intellectual property offshore, where PGP-decryption and consumption of said property would technically happen outside of the jurisdiction of the local authorities, and how *CyberLawyer* version 3.2 would be able to convince a judge and jury that their prudish

laws didn't apply because the action was happening in Denmark or the Netherlands.

Little did I know that I would actually become involved in just such a situation.

First, a little background information. The "Church" of Scientology is an evil organization dedicated to making a lot of money (all tax free, which really pisses me off) while ruining people's lives. If they kept to themselves with their weird beliefs about Xenu, the Galactic Federation, the hydrogen bombs blowing up the volcanoes 75 million years ago, the Obscene Dog, the Robot Gorillas, the trains to Las Palmas, the interstellar ships that looked exactly like DC-8s and the souls of dead aliens attached to our bodies...I really wouldn't give a shit.

But they won't keep to themselves. They've terrorized Internet Service Providers, former cult members, and people who have dared to speak up against them. They keep raking in the bucks from their slave labor force (although the growing number of tax liens and their refusal to pay a \$5,000,000 judgment indicates that they're not as rich as they used to be) and using that dough to file bogus lawsuit after lawsuit and hire the aforementioned scumfuck private investigators with outstanding warrants to plant evidence and generally harass people.

They tried to remove the *alt.religion.scientology* newsgroup, using the ever-so-flimsy excuse that the "scientology" part violated their trademark.

Now I'm getting pissed.

And they're illegally canceling messages on said newsgroup.

Now I'm really pissed.

So I collect the ezine that they've been targeting. I get all the copies of *Scamizdat* that are extant and put them up on the gopher site that Jon Lebowsky and I maintain (http://gopher.well.com:70/1/Publications/online_zines/scam/). A few days later The WELL gets a call from a member of the OSA—who are the Scientologist secret police. (You didn't know they have a secret police organization within their cult? I ask, what kind of religion needs a Gestapo to keep members and outsiders in line?) He goes on about copyright and trade secret infringements (Trade secrets? A non-profit organization with trade secrets?) and gets the documents removed from public view. But not, fortunately, removed from the disks. Not until I had a place offshore, in a European country that has pretty much declared the Scientologist cult to be an outlaw organization. I do a quick summary of the information (Xenu, clams, Robot Gorillas, &c.) and explain why the files are gone.

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Then the WELL gets another call from the OSA, only this time they pretend to be another WELL user and claim that my one paragraph summary violates someone else's copyright. The file is gone for about an hour, but I put it back up.

Then, on the Net, the shit really starts to hit the proverbial fan. Issue 10 of *Scamizdat* is no less than most of the cult's Holy Sacred Secret Scriptures. They were entered in as evidence in the infamous "Church" of Scientology vs. Fishman case. All this crap was public record! But that didn't stop the Scientologists from obstructing the public's right to know. Every morning they'd be the first ones in the court clerk's office to check out the records and not let anyone else take a look at them. But that didn't stop folks from sending \$40 to the clerk for copies by mail, scanning them in and uploading them.

Faster than you could say, "Holy Clambake Batman!" *Scamizdat* #10 was canceled from Usenet. But **copies remained at sites that don't honor cancels, and an FTP site was setup—in that bastion of intellectual freedom:** Beijing. And the PRC's two 64kb lines were working beyond capacity sending out that file. It finally had to be removed because no other Internet traffic could compete.

And until the judge in the case temporarily sealed the declaration containing said Sacred Secret Scriptures, I had it up on the gopher.

Meanwhile, in yet another Scientologist lawsuit, Judge John Kane in Colorado, after listening to Scientologist lawyers hemming and hawing about just who wrote what, when it was written and how it was registered, decided that most of their stuff is not copyright anymore and sure as shit isn't a trade secret.

Naturally, I put *Scamizdat* issues 0, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 back online. I've also been collecting as much dirt as possible about the Scientologist cult and put it all together on one handy web page (ref: at the end).

Now you see why we need CyberLawyers. There's data out there that somebody doesn't want you to see, and sometimes the moral thing to do is make that data available. And the people who don't want you to see it will lie, steal, forge, intimidate and file barratrous lawsuits to keep you from seeing it. Anita asked me what I would want in a lawyer, but now I realize we need a team of cyberlawyers, all of whom should have the net.savviness of Mike Godwin, the research capabilities of Donna Hoffman, and the crusading fires (and willingness to defend

lowlife scum with very unpopular ideas, such as myself) of Gerry Spence and William Knutsler. We need people well versed in copyright, free expression rights and privacy laws. We need people who understand international law and extranational applications of law, because The Net is an extranational community. If you're sitting in Memphis and you telnet to a machine in the Netherlands to fire up a web browser that looks at a site in Denmark that has feeelthy pictures from Japan, do the Memphis bluenoses have the authority to uphold their community standards? You bet your life that the bluenoses will try to assert their authority over what should be getting you all hot and bothered.

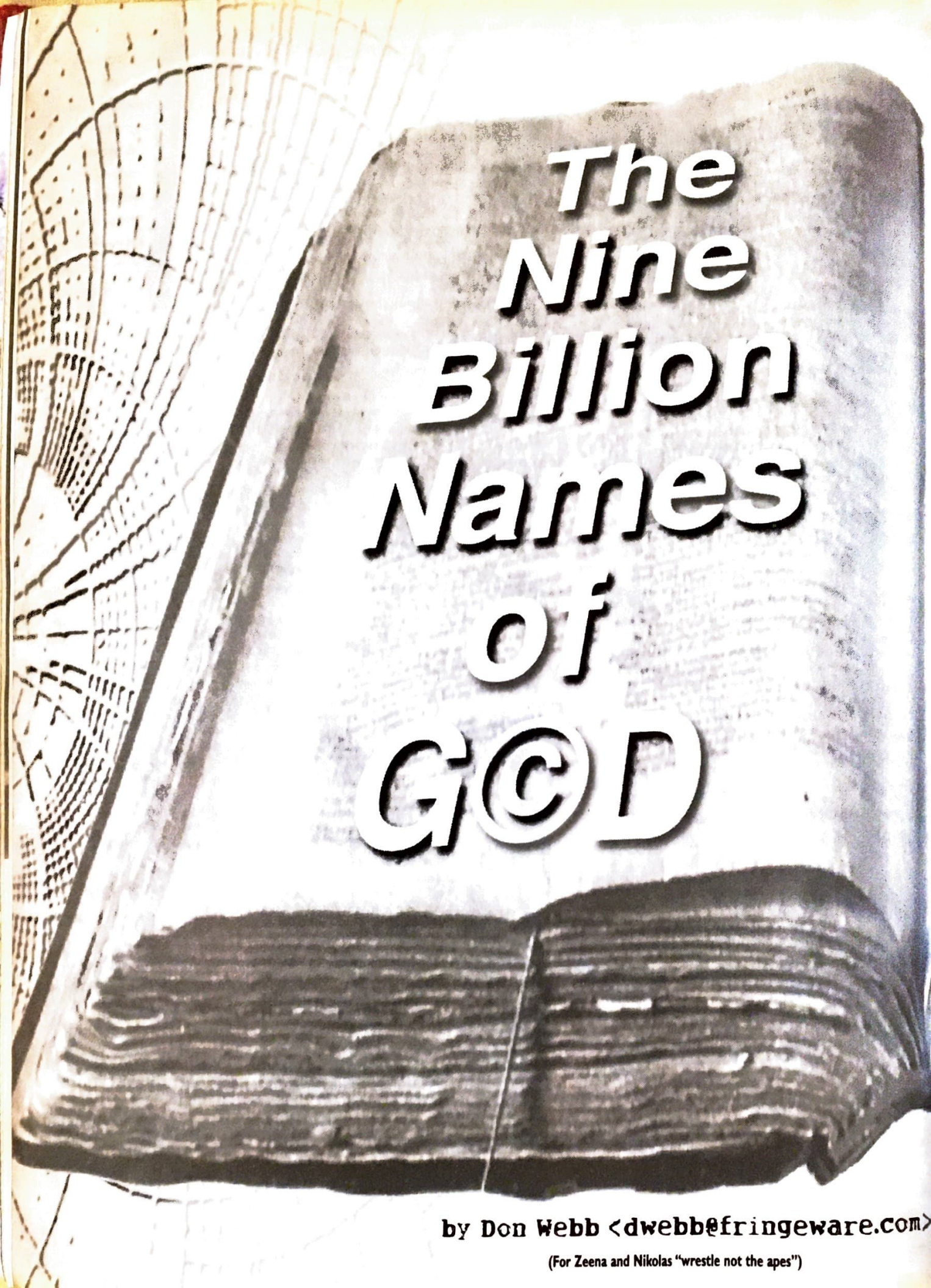
And the final qualification for this dream team of virtual attorneys is this—they're all independently wealthy, because people on the fringes usually can't afford what we'll need, and netizens will need the best. We're forging new territory here, and if we fuck it up, it could be irreparably fucked for a very long time.

Flash—*Scamizdat* is once again hidden from public view thanks to yet another lawsuit. Keep watching alt.religion.scientology for details, or:

<http://www.well.com/user/jerod23/clam.html>



Jerod Pore has been implicated with a subversive publication known cryptically in the Underground as Factsheet Five. Any info leading to his eventual arrest and conviction qualify the alleege to enter a drawing for a weeklong holiday at a secret resort with Tom Cruise. Employees of the Church of Scientology, the CIA, Hardee's Restaurants, or Fox Entertainment, and their families, are not eligible to enter. No purchase necessary. You must be at least 18 years old to be entered.



The Nine Billion Names of GOD

by Don Webb <dwebb@fringeware.com>

(For Zeena and Nikolas "wrestle not the apes")

At the end of time this happened. Since it happened at the end of time, there was no record of it, so this story was not written.

Two smartly dressed businessmen knocked on the door of Carter Scholz's home in the year 2010. Scholz was terrified. No one had knocked on his door for ten years. Who would make a call without email first? He thought of not answering the door, but the key to his Gaddis-esque writing had always been an openness to the unexpected. If you open yourself to the unexpected, then you can write the unexpected into the world.

He smiled at the old thought. No one wrote anymore. Not since the court decisions of 2004.

He still wrote.

Destroyed it, of course.

He opened the door, which stuck a little. The Oakland air stank very little today.

He tried to assess his two visitors. One fair and tall, one dark and short. The tall one carried a small valise.

"Are we being recorded, Mr. Scholz? Some hold that it is still legal to record the images of others." There was an infinite ice in the voice.

"No," said Scholz. "At least I am not recording you. One doesn't know much about one's neighbors."

The short one looked around as though one could spot a camera these days. He was in his late forties, so he had known visible technology.

Scholz beckoned the two men inside. He knew this was illicit—but it was time for something illicit. The rigid crust of law held too many things in check. It is the duty of the intelligent man to fight on the side of lost causes, e. e. cummings had written. Scholz felt a moment of guilt. Perhaps the copyright police could read minds. There had been rumors, always rumors.

The two seated themselves among his souvenirs, and Scholz went into his kitchen to brew some Sri Lankan tea. He had always had a love of Sri Lanka and was sure that in some alternative world he was its cultural minister.

He brought the tea to them. The dark man nervously put three lumps of sugar in the tea. He made too much noise stirring.

The fair one spoke in a raspy voice, a voice of the unfolding of money.

"Mr. Scholz, we come to you in a sort of Borgesian nostalgia. I remember as a very young boy reading your tale, 'The Nine Billion Names of God.' I thought it was wonderful what you had done with Arthur C. Clarke's title."

Panic flashed through Scholz's bones. "In those days you couldn't copyright a title," Scholz said quickly.

"In a free world you still couldn't," said the short man. He was about to say more, but the tall man shot him a warning glance.

"Anyway," continued the tall man, "it was because of that story and the coincidence of the year that we came to see you."

"The year?" asked Scholz.

"It's 2010, 'The Year We Make Contact.' It is another Clarkism, connected with his novels about the Monolith. I can see by your baffled features you have forgotten these things. It is no matter, such things are of interest to me and my associates only. It's part of the way we work with the world."

Scholz was finding these preposterous gentlemen too much fun. "Your associates?" he asked.

"A group of wealthy and powerful men and women who wish to be nameless at this time. We want to buy something from you. We will pay very well."

"What do I have that a nameless group of 'wealthy and powerful men and women' would wish?"

The short man was opening the valise, which was filled with the most paper money Scholz had ever seen.

"We want the nine billion names of God from you. We want them delivered on December 23, 2012. The day of the Singularity."

The program was child's play to write. Memory was a bit of a problem, but not as much of a problem as hitting the deadline exactly.

The money was very good.

Good enough for Scholz to hire an investigator.

"They're not," said Bob Bowne, "a group of 'wealthy and powerful men and women.' Well-to-do, and more influential in the arts and politics than an average four hundred and eighteen people would be."

"Four hundred eighteen?" asked Scholz.

"A symbolic number. They call themselves the Metanoia Society."

"Mind-changing."

"They've put their big investment in you. It's up to you and something or other called Hellhouse Press."

"Now you've lost me."

"As you generate the names in there and modern them batch by batch to Hollywood, Hellhouse Press is publishing them."



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"Publishing them. Who would want a list of nine billion names?"

"Nobody. That's where it gets *really* interesting. They're publishing them in a series of numbered chapbooks. Two of each chapbook are automailed to the Copyright Office of the U.S., which, as I understand Title 17 of the U.S. Code, is a formality that hardly anyone bothers with."

"So what happens to the other books?"

"Hellhouse keeps a copy in their showroom and the rest of the press run—about 250 or so—they toss directly into a recycling bin."

"So, let me see if I'm getting this. A group of people in Los Angeles—"

"No, no. They're everywhere. Finland, Brazil, Aruba, Australia. The press is in LA."

"A group of people all over the world are paying me to write some computer code that anybody could write. In fact, anybody could vocally command most home computers to do it. Then they're publishing it and throwing it away?"

"You got it."

"You've got some names for me—some real names."

"Well, Mr. Scholz, not really. I mean none of these people go by their birth names—they take fictitious names at stages of self-development, which they call 'wisdom.' I couldn't find many of their birth names, but the names of the people who visited you are Robert Sales and Hildred Castaigne. The head of the society is called Mary Denning."

"Sales I recognize. I made up the name for 'The Nine Billion Names of God.' But I draw a blank on the other two."

"'The Nine Billion Names of God' is by Arthur Clarke, isn't it?"

"Well," smiled Scholz, "a story by that name is by Clarke. I wrote a story about someone named Carter Scholz who wrote a story that was word-for-word the same story that Arthur C. Clarke had written. It was published in *Light Years and Dark* edited by Michael Bishop in 1984. It was a lovely little collection; although I never figured out why they printed my story all in italics. I think I have a copy here somewhere."

Scholz found a copy of the book. *Light Years and Dark: Science Fiction for Our Time*. He knew Bowne was too young to recognize the year pun that Berkeley had made by publishing the book in 1984. More fiction down the memory hole.

Bowne sniffed at the delicious acid tang of the forty-year-old paperback. He opened the book to page 155:

Dear Mr. Scholz,

Are you serious? Do you think I believe a word of your letter? Are you saying you've used the words of Clarke's story to stand in, one-for-one, for other words, like a cryptograph? Absurd. Even the idea is derivative. I'm certain I've seen something similar in Borges. In its most basic form this notion of changing the context of an artifact might make a readable story, but certainly not this way.

There's no need to blame my conservative readers for this rejection. Just blame me.

Sincerely,

Robert Sales

HELLO!

My Name Is:

God

"I don't get it," said the detective. "Can you give me a clue?"

In his dream Scholz met Arthur C. Clarke in Hell. They were standing on a tiny shaky scaffolding miles above a dark smoky landscape. Carter was erasing the walls of Hell, which were painted the same dull utilitarian gray as his elementary school restroom. Someone had written a long text in cursive in pencil on the walls. Clarke had a cheap gum eraser. Little dull balls of gray-brown rubber crumbled from the eraser and fell in the gap between the scaffolding and the wall. In the sure knowledge that comes with dreams, he knew that they took three days to fall. Clarke erased furiously. From time to time a demon with leathery wings, little horns, and a barbed tail

swooped by in ebon majesty. The demon tossed a few more erasers on the scaffold.

Scholz leaned in closely. The text was of Clarke's novel *The Fountains of Paradise*, one of his later novels.

"I sinned against God, you see," said the frail old Clarke (looking as Scholz had seen him at a *world-con* in the Eighties), "Or against the natural order. Take your pick. So I'm here till I rub out my words. I estimate it will take ninety thousand years. That is, if I don't fall again."

There was terror and agony in that remark.

"They never put in my elevators here," said Clarke. "You must be a writer. HE doesn't like writers. They bring possibilities. They suggest things beyond the natural order."

"By HE you mean Satan?" asked Scholz.

"By HE I mean God," said Clarke.

Lightning flashed close by. Scholz could feel the heat and was blinded by the flash. He stumbled, but Clarke caught him.

"HE's hated me ever since I thought up satellites in 1945."

The last time Carter Scholz saw Bob Bowne was when he took him to Land's End to watch the sunset. "All my life," said Scholz, "was a struggle about meaning. Is it all significant?" He gestured at the stormy sea swallowing the sun. "Or just some of it? Or none at all?"

"Yeah," said Bob Bowne. "That's why I became a detective. I figured that life is what you do while you're looking for clues. Tell me, Mr. Scholz, why did you stop writing?"

"I still write, but like everyone else I stopped trying to get it published. In 2000 the concept of copy-right law and the safety of intellectual property was greatly expanded. Parody and pastiche vanished. You couldn't copy a disk or xerox—excuse me—dry copy an image. Artists and writers loved it at first, tired of being ripped off for years, but giant publishers really loved it. Then just eight years ago in 2004, the government decided that every public domain work was a national resource—something to be licensed to pay off the national debt. Not a bad idea, I guess. Then there began an active seeking out of any work *influenced* by the government-owned works. Maybe you had a little of the *Odyssey* in your novel—maybe you

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quoted Lincoln in your short story. Maybe your art had the Mona Lisa's smile or an image of the pyramids. Everything was scanned and tracked down. Even letters and email. So art and writing—other than gibberish names like I gave the Metanoia Society—are not made anymore."

"Do you miss it?"

"Yep."

The sea swallowed the sun.

The Magic Castle in Hollywood, California is a wonderful club devoted to stage magic and illusion. Its members are primarily stage magicians, but a few wealthy men and women buy memberships. The shows are fantastic. The close-up room puts spectators inches away from astonishing feats of prestidigitation. The festal board is without peer, and one can enjoy the finest liquors in the world while young men and women walk up to you and say, "You want to see a card trick?"

Scholz's visitors from two years ago—the tall fair Mr. Sales and the short dark Mr. Castaigne—were taking him to dinner. With them a tall thin woman with mousy blonde hair knitted and made small talk. She had introduced herself as Mary Denning, the President of the Metanoia Society.

"I always think it's fun," she said, "to enter a windowless building in the daytime and exit at night. The nightworld is so different and more magical than her sad sister."

Scholz didn't respond. He had just realized that the painting over the bar had changed from a beautiful young woman to a sour-faced crone.

A slightly tipsy man walked up to the piano, and although no one was seated there, asked loudly for the piano to play that "Old Black Magic." The piano complied.

"By the time we leave the Magic Castle," continued Mary Denning, "the last of the Nine Billion Names of God will have been published by Hellhouse. In Clarke's story a group of Tibetan monks had commissioned a computer firm to print out all the names. The programmers had left the monastery fearing that the monks would become crazy when nothing happened at the end of the combinatorial piety. As they made their way to the plane, they looked up and saw that the stars were quietly going out."

"And what do you think will happen, Ms. Denning, now that I've wasted two years of my life gen-

erating names for the Los Angeles recycling bins?" asked Scholz.

"Oh, come now. You haven't wasted two years. The whole project took you less than twenty-three man hours. You spent more hours than that talking to your detective."

Scholz suddenly realized that he had told none of his family or friends about this meeting. He had always viewed the Metanoia Society as a well-funded peaceable group. Maybe he should leave before the "nothing" happened. He started to get up, but Mr. Castaigne put a hand on his.

"Clarke did inadvertently discover one truth. There are nine billion names of God. It's how HE controls things—each through resonance controls a different part of the natural order."

"And so you think you'll control everything now that you know them," said Scholz.

Mary Denning laughed—a sweet laugh like Scholz hadn't heard since his childhood. He suddenly found himself completely liking this woman.

"Heavens, no. How dull to control everything. No, since we've copyrighted all of God's names—HE can't control anything here anymore. HE's very Law-abiding."

She looked at her watch.

"So it is done."

She got up. Castaigne released his arm. Scholz followed. They left the club passing through the secret door "bookcase".

Scholz said, "Nothing seems to have changed."

Mary Denning said, "No. Everything has changed. There are opportunities for many new sorts of creativity in the world. Tonight time is over, eternity begun. Watch!"

She pointed at the night sky. At first nothing happened, and Scholz feared that he had spent two years working for mad folk. He heard salsa Christmas music booming from a passing car.

Then he saw that in the sky, exactly where she was pointing, a new star had come into being. Bright and purple.

It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and when he shifted his gaze downward to speak with its creator, he found that Mary and her friends were gone into the night.

With light steps he too went into the night, eager to drink of a new freedom.

For more of Don Webb's letterly art, we refer the gentle reader to:

<http://www.fringeware.com/dwebb/>



FEDERAL COURTS

Cases and Comments on
JUDICIAL FEDERALISM
AND JUDICIAL POWER

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by Michael Utvitch <71021.3412@compuserve.com>

EMAIL, 2014

ORIGIN: MetaLegal Foundation
HERO: Advocate Forum
LOCUS/SERVER: InterservePA:Node I
DATE: 31JAN2014
ACCOUNT: jpm@lawdogs.lgl
SUBJECT: They're At It Again!

Sara:

My avatar I just picked up this item off the Advocate. Honestly, this stuff is beginning to get scary—Congress is supposed to be going into hearings on actually approving some of these things and I guess you and I are going to have to heat up the mailing list before it goes too far.

I just can't believe that so many intelligent people are talking about interjuries as the solution to the caseload issues. As usual, the stinker is the budget—people run out of money, they start doing foolish things.

Anyway, check this out and let me know when you want to convene a Whiteboard to talk strategy. I'll get the Eastern Group, if you can take care of that crazy bunch in Seattle and Idaho.

Jim

FORWARD: Capsule
DATE: 14JAN2014
TITLE: Cyberlaw Reform Act
AUTHOR: mut2000

ABSTRACT: Online infrastructure has matured to the point where it is both viable and desirable to support the Citizen Lawyer initiatives, as well as formalize rules to permit completely electronic trial

environments. The current Cyberlaw Reform Act will help reduce ballooning court budgets by providing the foundation for a completely virtual legal system integrating SSAD and LiveConnect.

INFRASTRUCTURE: The National Cybersystem was formalized in 2001. This system included the definition of a Certified Identity System, called SSAD in which the source ID codes were lifted directly from the old Social Security Administration system, and the Live Connect conventions supporting verifiable addressing for live, face-to-face conversation over the Cybersystem.

Public experience with the Cybersystem over the past thirteen years has matured to the point that content exchange conventions are as commonly understood today as telephone numbers were universally understood in 1990. The first fully virtual traffic court was in operation as early as 1999. Since that time, a variety of cases have been successfully conducted via electronic environments. The first sustained experiment with interactive juries, called the InterJury Project, conducted in Des Moines, Iowa, in 2003, proved highly effective in all cases, except those requiring sequestration. Given the topical links recently introduced under the SSAD system, it should be possible to auto-filter all e-content so that sequestered juries could be data-monitored effectively.

CYBERLAW REFORM ANTECEDENTS: The mass acceptance of the old Internet system in the late 1980s and 1990s provides the foundation for the current direction in legal process reform. The Internet represented the first integrated feedback system for content. Dr. Sean Lawlor instituted his well known CyberOracle studies in the mid 1990s establishing that many principles of ancient communication could

LawCrawler, an intelligent agent based system for searching legal sites throughout the Internet. The LawCrawler allows visitors to search only sites that contain legal information, leading to better search results and time saved for legal researchers.
<http://www.findlaw.com/search/lawcrawler.html>

NEW RELEASE

10:33

Michael Utvitch is an award-winning high-tech author, consultant and speaker. His seven published books cover technology applications including electronic publishing, multimedia, and task automation. A frequent contributor to magazines such as *Windows*, *PC World*, and *Mobile Office*, Michael is currently designing electronic information and entertainment environments for clients including Nissan, J.D. Power, and Xerox.

be effectively implemented through the net, and that the Delphic Oracle itself offered a conceptual framework to design user response/query environments.

The first of the specifically legal environments to arise from Delphic-based cyberdesign was the Jacoby & Meyers Personal Lawyer system. It essentially traded face to face consultation with individual attorneys for a smart front end, billable in connect minutes, allowing the client to specify the issues at hand using an electronic questionnaire. The Oracle design then processed the client's case through an interactive database and returned with a list of clarifying questions; the feedback pattern resulted in a disposition or recommendation which could be executed in court.

As circumstances warranted, the system could escalate to a LiveConnect consultation with a lawyer via teleconference, and a face to face meeting in regional offices only if the case required high levels of detail and personal strategy.

This hands-on law approach was derided by many legal purists. At the same time, it achieved a high level of popularity with the public and other legal professionals who discovered that they could bill for services without actually meeting the client at all. This approach has not only been dramatically successful in the marketplace, but has been heralded as a more cost-effective way to address all legal issues.

POINT AT ISSUE: INTERJURY: The proposed CyberLaw Reforms would provide for InterJury systems as a legal alternative to live juries in court. Given the need for highly educated jurors in the many tech-crime cases flooding the dockets these days, electronic participation of jurors allows the Court to expand the jury pool even to those who previously would have claimed hardship exemption due to loss of income from their home-based business. The mechanics of querying jurors through LiveConnect and of jury deliberations via LiveConnect electronic Whiteboard sessions have been established as viable over the past 10 years.

POINT AT ISSUE: CITIZEN LAWYER INITIATIVE: It has been shown that everyday people, using a Delphic-based query system, can intelligently apply legal principles in seeking redress for injury or in defending themselves against a variety of charges. There is no longer any reason to deny citizens the right to use these services in place of an attorney. While legal purists tend to argue that citizens are dealing superficially with the law and often can get themselves into trouble by conducting their own legal affairs, others point to the many successful citizen-

driven cases. More forward looking legal professionals are coming to realize that delivering electronic counselor services on the Personal Lawyer system model may represent up to half of their billing in a very short time.

SUMMARY: Just as the Cybersystem put the everyday person in control of their financial dealings and made most physical banking sites obsolete, the legal profession must be ready to face the future. Integrated feedback and query systems have made it possible for everyday people to understand and use the law. There simply is no turning back the clock.

LOCUS/SERVER: TotemWA:Node15
DATE: 31JAN2014
ACCOUNT: sab@defense.lgl
SUBJECT: Those Damn Techies!

Jim:

Just got your note. Just another tech-hallucination. The thing that gets me is that you and I both know that its the big guns that are pushing this. The mega firms can put in the millions to offer Delphic-based services, but smaller firms like us are stuck doing personal services, or specializing ourselves into a corner.

I'll page you for the Whiteboard around four, unless you have the video hookup in your car. Then we could do it around five or five thirty.

Cheers!

Sara



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f u t u r e a n a r c h y

c u r r y t h e f a u n a

What of the future? My mind conjures images from the film *Metropolis*...

Wonder, rage and mayhem spew in cataclysmic waves, as scenes from our possible impending dooms. Lofting into stratus, do we seek the pristine stasis of life trapped within some clockwork hedonistic tomb?

Plunging into hidden depths, do we harbour selfless toil and suffering, mechanized, lost among masses teeming? Could some hero rise, at a final juncture, issuing justice against vile overlords caught scheming?

Might the nascent god depicted within a tube, half-invented, half-exhumed, expose our vain attempts to scry? To invoke the foibles of our hoary animistic rites turned awry? Or proffer confessions of failed catholic lies?

What of the future?

e a c h u n a r y t u r f

What of anarchy? A headlessness it seems.

Like some horseman dispatched on a dark mission. An epistle draped in night and death and horror. Deconstructing the body of civility into noisome fetid lumps. Yet feeding growth for life anewed.

Cries of freedom, cries of terror, cries of passion. Self-serving, and self-organizing.

Seeking what? What goal, what noise, what pinnacle, what noble aim? What difference to the status quo *anyway*?

What of anarchy?

h u e a c r a f t y u r n

Neither of the above impinge upon us with more than mere metaphor. And yet it is the Metaphors which linger over æons...

Long after bones and sinew have wilted back into the dust of stars from which they came. From which we came. From which infinitesimal point became our Space.

Could the Metaphors themselves hail from some other, larger, more enduring Space? Our minds, se-

duced by tenacious curve and sway of contrast, proportion, resemblance — Biology's propitious tools which demarcate the body of perceptive reality — These enshroud a mystic hint that Mind itself is not to be found within any litany of perceived resemblance,

But, rather, thrives within the schema of the Process of resemblance itself.

h u n t a f a e r y c u r

Some noble in a dark and noisome cave long ago evoked, invoked, the dust of stars, to render a perception, a resemblance of a hunt. Metaphor pierced the veil of our Space, to mingle its spirit, cautiously.

Language flourished, spread throughout our minds and hands and tongues. Icon, symbol, word... these composed bodies to adorn and fortify the essence from a nuther Space.

"Scientific Process," nobles deigned, "allows metaphor to evolve." Yet the non-space called Science with its kindred wraith Technology unveiled a lost perception...



The Virtual. As old and deep and quintessential to those of us with bodies, as gender itself. Now our minds race to embrace that Space contrived of Metaphor entirely. Where words manifest living bodies themselves. Names, true names, embody both machine and spirit within the virtual.

To grasp the true names of metaphorical processes — as virtual machines might well be called — that singular act portends more wisdom than any mortal skill of logic can offer. Extending the definition of humanity, of intelligence. To invoke that dæmon of which alchemists whispered, of which artists exercise.

To be presented
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For details, see
the back cover.

Then what of anarchy, and of the future?

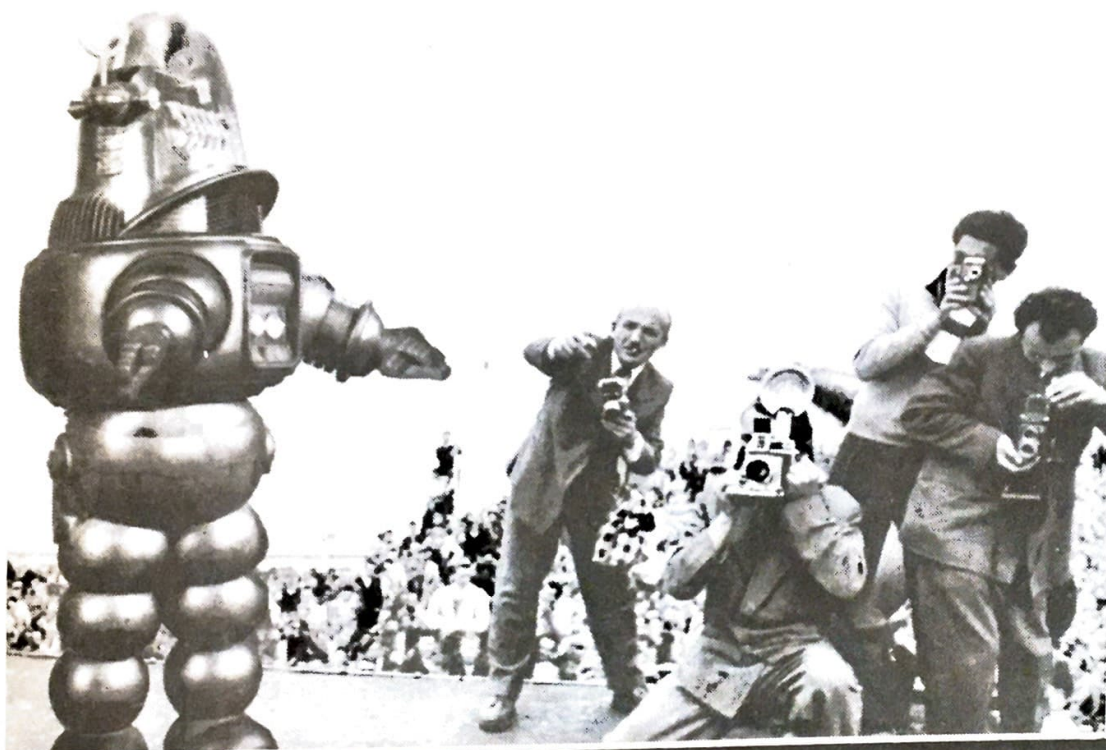
The future belongs to souls which grasp the concept of a body within the Space of Metaphor.

And anarchy ensues from the dæmon unleashed therein. The confusion of agency. The wonder, rage and mayhem which loom within our Virtual collision within a larger Space. There the artists ply, working alongside alchemists and animists alike, to effuse spirit within the viral, memetic code. An evolution measured, or perceived, like any other punctuated equilibrium, by disruption. However, be fore-

warned... Anarchy implies a vacuum of structure, that entropic void which Nature abhors. History shows how extropic forces, previously opposed, will tend to greet expansion in anarchy's midsts.

Enough prose, let's talk media theory... Structures, governmental structures, already exist online, seeking to impose Authority.

Not the US Federal Government — which, so far, has been a bad dream online: stumbling, fumbling, demonstrating a lack of informed will.



Corporate Law

Have you ever noticed how much corporate execs seem like droids? An attorney in Houston may have just the right idea... Steve Ryan, a former Assistant Attorney General in Texas, and founding director of Electronic Frontiers Houston, has proposed an intriguing legal experiment:

- 1) form a corporation which owns a robot as its sole asset;
- 2) elect some people to the corporation's board of directors;
- 3) program the robot to behave as a director, i.e. vote correctly;
- 4) add the robot to the board of directors;
- 5) have all the people resign from the board.

That's the brief. Many attorneys have reviewed Steve's plans in detail and, so far, find no roadblocks. Certainly would simplify shareholder meetings.

J. Stephen Ryan, Attorney At Law

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The Austin Robot Group

<http://www.robotgroup.org/>

robo@robotgroup.org



Other entities vie for Authority. I would choose three to examine, along a little help from the *WWW Anagram Server*:

- 1: "Microsoft" = "I Form Cost"
- 2: "The Electronic Frontier Foundation" = "Control Utterance Of Herd, If I Intone"
- 3: "Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health" = "Cia Send It... The Hot Cash Creed of Mean Men: Net III"

The first two groups represent conventional approaches for business and governance: the status quo... Microsoft repeatedly strives to corrupt open standards and prevent free market competition by invoking back-room deals. And while I respect EFF's stated goals and praise many of its members — especially those active in the regional groups — one should still question the motives whenever a Mitch Kapor or an Esther Dyson move to prop up Beltway lawyers and lobbyists by soliciting public support.

Republicans and Democrats, all over again, respectively.

The third example, The Church of Scientology, might seem a cheap shot, but this group poses a considerable threat. It has been one of the first to move acts of organized crime/warfare against individuals outside the realm of Metaphor: aggression both in terms of excessive litigation and physical violence.

Each of these groups offers differing faces of The Borg, the tired faces of hucksterism and sophistry, echoing an ancient tome... *Arbeit macht frei*.

I find neither future nor anarchy embodied by these groups, except perhaps with them sighted as targets. Be assured that inasmuch as they prevail, others will follow.

Anarchy can provide an effective antidote, to humble those who would-be rulers.

I would especially like to point to our own local media anarchists Brother Russell, The Christal Methodists, and Anathema Enterprises... Not to forget their forebears found in Negativland, Survival Research Labs, and The Church of the SubGenius — all of which, incidentally, are presenting at this conference.

Media anarchy groups provide insight into the praxis of our shared future. They help maintain the eternal vigilance which is the price of freedom. Moreover, the small, independent media anarchy groups thrive and assemble on the Internet.

So-called "hacker" collectives, such as Cypherpunks, Phrack, the Chaos Computer Club, etc., also walk point in terms of praxis and vigilance. It is these groups which foster the *real* forums for establishing jurisprudence, defacto suffrage, and forensic discourse of our media future. What cannot be legislated or decreed must evolve. I might also recommend, along these lines, an innovative political scientist at UT/Austin named Richard MacKinnon.

Together with exploring what people can eventually do online, we must also come to terms with what machines can do online. The media economics of "cyberspace" dictate how it cannot, will not flourish sustainably without ample measures of machine intelligence added to the mix of political, social, and economic structure. People simply consume far more *good* content than they produce.

When the metaphors begin to act without our prodding, some manner of AI has emerged... Firefly and CyCorp provide great insights to the growing intelligences, the metaphorical machines—the dæmons—which will power our online future. While the phrase "intelligent agent" may seem a vacuous buzzword, garage-tech varieties have already proven



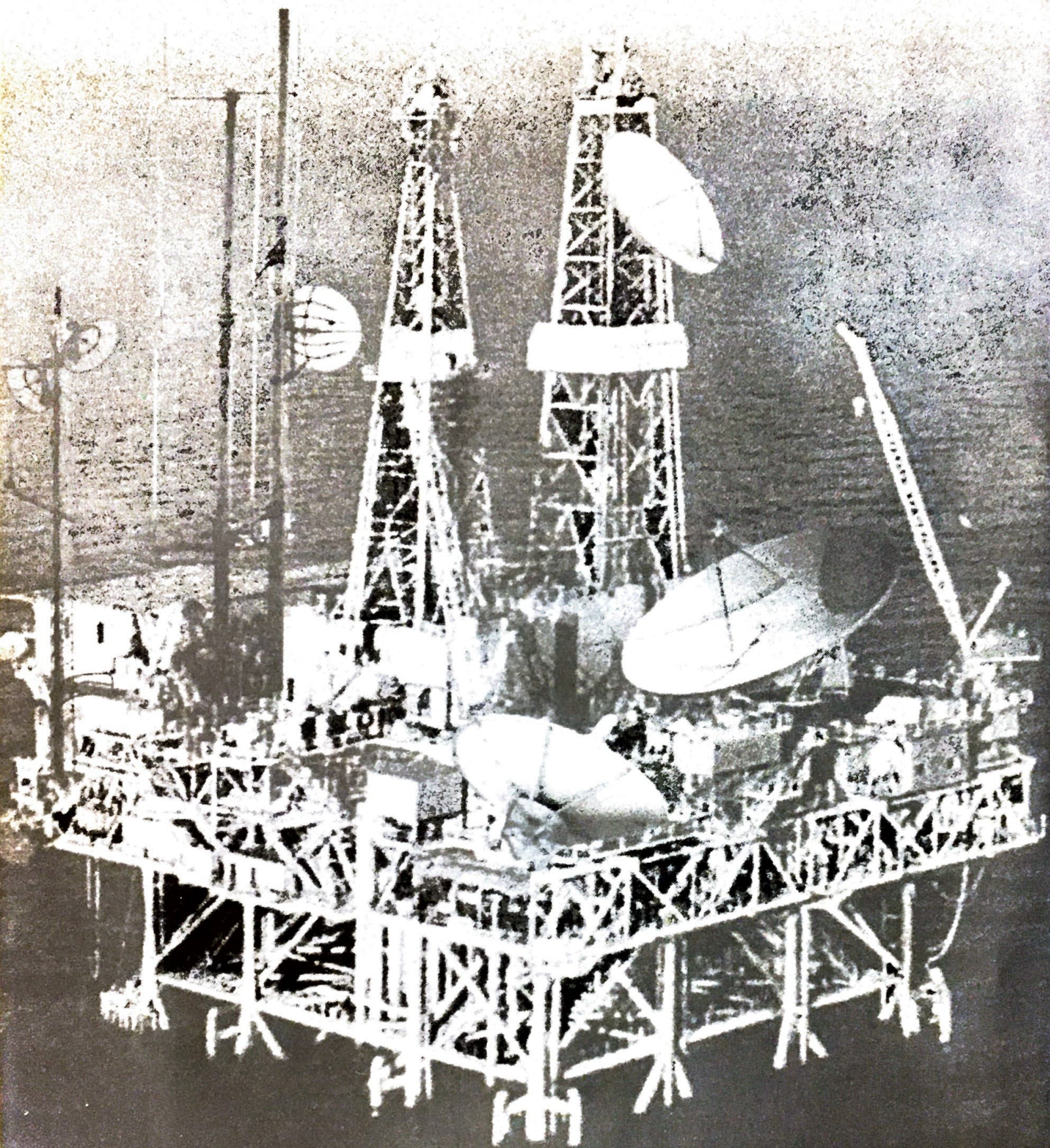
their ability to undermine structures of authority in finance, marketing, security, etc. I urge you to keep a close watch on the AI legal experiment now in progress by a Houston attorney named Steve Ryan.

Altogether, these media-savvy "anarchists" today represent subcultures which have been engendered by the Internet. To track these subcultures as they create future anarchy, check out sources such as ACTlab and our own business, FringeWare, for reference.

This talks contains many *WWW* references and animation, originally presented as a multimedia performance. To view these links, please browse:

<http://www.fringeware.com/~pacoid/talks/sxsw97.html>





Online Government

fwr: FWR started a thread about government within online communities. We want to include your work—Could we conduct an interview with you via email?

rich: Right now I'm in Sydney for a conference on virtual communities. I'll be delivering a keynote address tomorrow morning on an aspect of cybergovernance which I call "cyber-pain"... It's a bit ironic that the more I get involved explaining cybergovernance the less time I spend online, and the more time I spend on planes.

fwr: First question—you have quite a substantial background working to build online communities, e.g. Portal, right?

rich: That's right. I was an early member of the virtual community on Portal, arguably the first ISP. Some Usenet "old timers" may remember when Portal users started showing up in newsgroups. They were the first wave of commercial system immigrants. An important function of the Portal community was its new user orientation program. I developed this program to acculturate BBS and "closed-system" users to the world of networked computing. The orientation program relied upon seasoned users to mentor the "newbies". You can't teach culture with FAQ's any more than you can teach a child to be civilized with a list of *do's* and *don't's*. The mentoring system allows for role-modeling and discreet Q&A. The newbies eventually graduate into mentors and give back to the community.

fwr: What lead you into your current work?

rich: My interest in virtual governance stems from my training as a political scientist and a researcher under the direction of Sandy Stone in the Advanced Communication Technologies Laboratory (ACTLAB) at the University of Texas at Austin. When most people think of the politics of cyberspace they think of electronic civil liberties issues such as privacy via encryption, re-mailers, and anonymous browsing. They are also concerned about the freedom of expression and its relation to the availability of sexually explicit and other controversial material on the net. While the study of cyberliberties is extremely important, my focus is not the politics of the net so much as it is the politics *within* it.

fwr: I'm curious...how receptive has the faculty at UT PoliSci been about your collaboration with ACTLAB? For instance, UT's Communications and (especially) Architecture schools seemed intently interested, even professors who didn't dabble much online...but CompSci people seemed to view it as a sideline. Am I generalizing too much about the differing disciplines?

rich: You know right where to poke the sore spots!

Mostly, the Government Department (political science)

has been apathetic to my collaboration with the ACTLAB. Only recently have I been getting some attention there. This is understandable, though. They are in the business of producing political scientists. By most accounts, what I do is not traditional political science. Unfortunately, as far as I can see, there are very few faculty positions for new political scientists.

On the other hand, academia is very interested in the possibilities presented by the Internet and social computing. This is seen in UT's Radio-Television-Film Dept., which has just inaugurated its new multimedia program. RTF is also home to the ACTLAB. Until recently, the ACTLAB did not have an official degree program tied to it. In fact, most of the researchers in the Lab are not getting RTF degrees. This is where the Architecture School comes in. And the Government Department. And Sociology. And Instructional Technology. And Computer Science. There are others.

We are a rag-tag group, but we are multidisciplinary and tremendously collaborative. While we may not get the official support that we need from our home programs and departments, we are able to get plenty of unofficial support from one another under the cozy umbrella of the ACTLAB. I hope I haven't misrepresented anything. This is my perception of what's going on.

So far my written work is appearing on websites belonging to just about every discipline in the social sciences except political science! Hmm...but I really do want to be a political scientist. I agree with Aristotle and Plato—it's the "master science".

fwr: How have the divisions within the academy received your work?

rich: How has the work of a *non-traditional* political scientist been received? In my department, I'm pretty obscure. In fact, I was thrown out once! What I do is not recognizable and is hard to judge according to their criteria for success. Outside of my department I've been getting a surprising amount of attention. For example, just this morning I gave an interview on cybergovernance to an ABC Radio program based in Sydney. Also, I delivered a keynote talk at a conference at the Architecture School at the University of Sydney. Howard Rheingold, Stewart Brand, and Justin Milne, the new director Australia MSN were among the other keynotes! I can't believe that I was included in that group. I guess that's a benefit of being a non-traditional political scientist!

fwr: Ah, they brought out the Heavies, eh? So what kind of tone did they present? Will our shared online future represent a utopia for intellect and cooperation? Will

The following is a condensed, linear transcription of an interview between FWR editor Paco Xander Nathan and Richard MacKinnon of the Government Department in The University of Texas at Austin. To contact Richard, see:

<http://www.actlab.utexas.edu/~spartan/spartan@gov.utexas.edu>

global anarchy and corporate pillage prevail? Or some kind of pastiche, more subtle than the present?

rich: Heh! Your guess is as good as mine. Interpreting what the "heavies" say, whether at conferences or in the press, is a lot like what the Sovietologists had to do while reading *Pravda*. The only thing that seems clear is that everyone seems to think that there is money to be made, but no one knows exactly how.

fwr: How did your keynote go?

rich: At this conference, I did more of a performance than a talk. That's Sandy's influence on me. She's a performance artist performing as my professor. Performances are definitely rare among traditional political scientists, but they are more fun than talks—especially for the audience. I gave two other talks in Australia, one to a multimedia design class and the other to a research institute for humanities and the arts.

fwr: Ditto about Sandy... Please tell us more about what got you started in this field?

rich: For a long time, I was the only one who seemed to have or care about this perspective, but as virtual communities have gained popularity and acceptance as institutions which matter, I have ended up being a sort of expert on how they form and govern themselves. This expertise has become especially valuable to business interests which rely upon flourishing virtual communities within which to market their wares and services.

fwr: Do you mean business interests along the lines of AOL, MSN, Quake, WebTV, etc.?

rich: Exactly. I'm being approached by people who design commercial environments and want to attract virtual communities. They want to know how to do that. It's not as simple as "build it and they will come". The problem is that everyone is building, so there's a lot of choice out there. Also, would-be inhabitants of virtual communities are fickle. Why do business interests care about virtual communities? Virtual communities provide a market in which to sell wares and services. I'll stop here because the rest of what I say on this topic could end up paying for my trip to Australia!

fwr: I'm intrigued by the outcome of mass spamming in places like AOL and Prodigy, how their members' reactions to repeated spamming, e.g. from Cyberpromotions, lead to big court battles and quite informed decisions from the judiciary. Have you been following Vixie et al.'s proposal to nix spamming?

It's an implementation of the "inverted kill file" that Gibson describes in *Idoru*—ISPs are going online with that practice. Smacks of vigilantism, but in absence of any real Authority (e.g. firms smaller than AOL being able to recover real damages against a spammer) it might work quite well... Do vigilantes hold sway on the Net?

rich: I've been following Vixie's and others' efforts at a distance. I'm trying to decide whether spamming fits into the politics of cyberspace or cybergovernance. Because there's so much to tackle, I'm trying to limit myself to the latter. Spamming is a difficult one to categorize because it is an example of the net trying to take care of itself, that is, it is trying to avoid relying on external governance. On the other hand, as you said, getting judicial support sure feels good!

Also, spamming is a phenomenon which affects the technonatural environment. So far, most of the emphasis on curtailing spamming has been on fixing or patching the environment. This just doesn't fall within the domain of cybergovernance at all. Think of it this way: if France tests a nuclear bomb offshore of Australia and releases an atomic cloud over Sydney, the "users" of Sydney don't have the option of getting their superusers to patch their sky. There's something supernatural about this. Cybergovernance focuses on the social remedies for problems within virtual communities, not the technological ones. We don't have access to gods in meatspace (I don't think!), so why should it be different in cyberspace? Especially if the "gods" are divine by virtue of being a computer geek? Is there a social remedy for spamming? I don't know.

fwr: We ask about the issues of *government online*, yet you use the term *cybergovernance*—could you elaborate?

rich: When I coined the term "cybergovernance", I wanted a word that referred specifically to the idiosyncratic or "home grown" methods of self-governance arising from the social experiment of living within virtual communities. In other words, cybergovernance is a political perspective on governance with the net viewed as a social space, not as an object being acted upon by the traditional, offline political institutions.

fwr: What would be the principle models invoked? For example, if I started a gardening club in my neighbourhood, we'd perhaps elect a president and a treasurer, etc., and go on from there. But I've found over the years that

email lists and message boards simply don't work that way. What kind of model(s) do we tend to use?

rich: What a great question! Many years ago, Aristotle tried to write down and categorize all of the different flavors of governance. He called them "polities" and they include democracy, oligarchy, plutocracy, aristocracy, monarchy, among others. To-date, the best catalog of virtual polities that I've seen is being compiled by Alan Sondheim. The compilation is buried in an insanely immense collection of his personal thoughts on the Internet and beyond. Since he adds to it daily, it will take you a very long time to read the whole thing through. You can find it at:

http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html

One can easily identify these forms of cybergovernance in virtual communities, but Sondheim rightly points out that the underlying structure of the community—whether it is a mud/moo, list, newsgroup, or channel—seems to have an impact on the type of polity which emerges.

For example, list owners are often pocket-dictators and most moo wizardry falls well within the definition of oligarchy. In other words, privileged access to the software/hardware—in effect, the "natural" environment which is sometimes called the "technonatural environment"—automatically raises certain users above the others and places them in leadership roles. This is a problem, because ultimately, the server's owner is king... or god.

To get around the impact that environmental access has on the development of polities, Sandy Stone and Jeff Prothero are developing what they call "policy free servers". In other words, they are setting servers free from the whims of their owners. This is very exciting to a political scientist who specializes in virtual communities.

fwr: What about publications in progress?

rich: I'm writing a book for MIT Press called *Cybergovernance: Politics Among the Disembodied* and I've been speaking to groups of people all around the world—from academics to entrepreneurs. The major components of the book are available from my homepage. Otherwise, I'm up to my neck in cyberopera...we're doing "guerrilla opera", i.e. unauthorized, unexpected art...[see Rich's web site, or our FW hot-list].



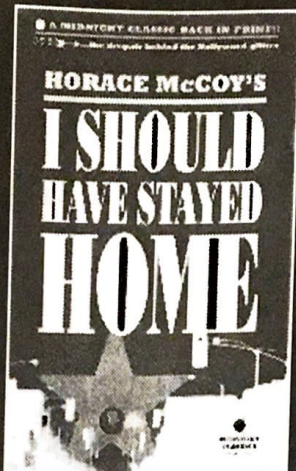


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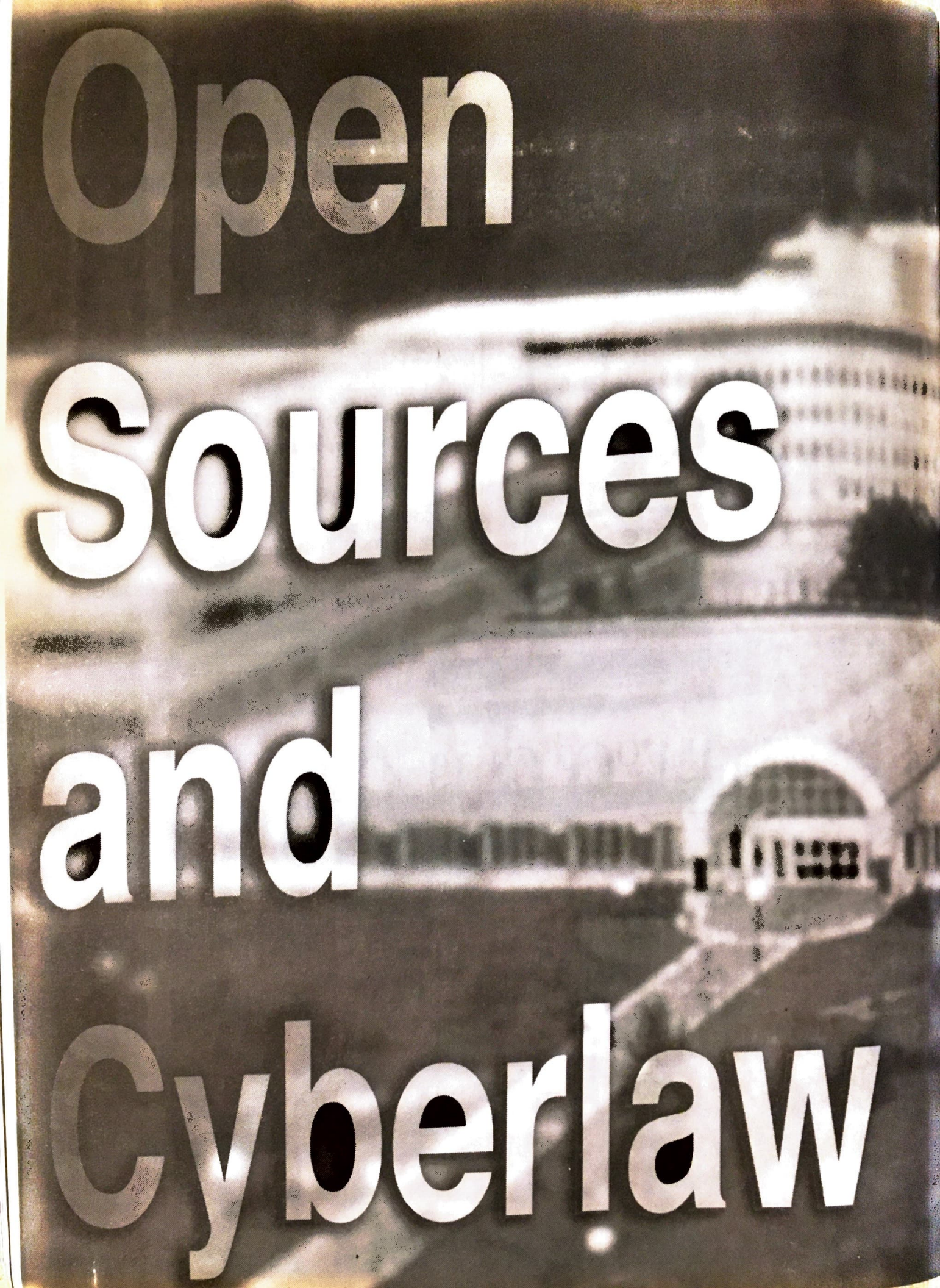
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Open Sources and Cyberlaw



by Robert D. Steele
<ceo@oss.net>

Five revolutions are taking place today, and each one has very profound implications for the law of war, the law of peace, the law of knowledge, and for Cyberlaw.

First, we have the changing nature of the threat. When peoples bonded together to create nations, as did the United States of America, they did so in large part "to provide for the common defence". From this and common experiences of war came the law of war, and especially the law as it applies to both what constitutes an act of war—commencement of hostilities—and what "rules of engagement" should be respected by the belligerents. All this is well and good when wars are fought between nations using conventional forces, all wearing uniforms and acting in conventional ways.

Today life is not so simple. There are four major warrior classes, but the only one we recognize is the high-tech muscle warrior, such as the US or Iraq. The other three warrior classes, which I call the low-tech muscle (transnational criminals), the low-tech mind (religious fanatics, refugees, mobs), and the high-tech mind (malicious hackers, criminal hackers, and organized economic marauders) are all ignored by the law, immune from the law, or invisible to the law. Our legal framework for war in the age of information is simply not up to the challenge.

At the same time we have the changing needs of individuals and organizations for information, the radically expanded universe of knowledge in the public domain, and the awesome advances in information technology. Taken together, these three revolutions alone have completely shattered the tranquility of the inherently static legal community. Copyright and patent law, due diligence law, fiduciary responsibility law, definitions of what constitutes proprietary information, what constitutes adequate safeguarding—all these laws are MOOT because the law is decades (if not centuries) behind the power curve.

Finally, we have the fifth revolution: the rising population of dispossessed, all pre-disposed to rebel against the complex technological state—one such as Jacques Ellul and others have described—richly deserving destruction due to its failure to make informed decisions, to develop modern law for a modern times. Indeed due to the failure to ANTICIPATE needed legal boundaries (and the elimination

Mr Steele is a former spy, now an information entrepreneur, who has been twice named, in 1992 and 1994, one of the *Microtimes 100*. He's featured in the chapter on "The Future of the Spy" in Alvin & Heidi Toffler's recent book, *War and Anti-War*. Mr Steele is best known for his annual int'l conference, each November in Wash DC, where spies, hackers, scholars, business intelligence specialists, journalists, law enforcement analysts, and information brokers gather.

of dated legal boundaries) in time to be of service to its people.

Amidst these five revolutions, each representing a complex problem set, there is a sixth revolution, one offering SOLUTIONS to many of our difficulties. Writing in the Fall 1992 edition of the *Whole Earth Review*, under the editorial direction of Howard Rheingold, I first developed the concept of "E3i" or "Ethics, Ecology, Evolution, and Intelligence", in which the vitality and utility of an "open books" approach to national intelligence, short-hand for converting the Central Intelligence Agency into a "citizens' intelligence agency", was first discussed.

The concept of national intelligence, which today is widely interpreted to mean "spies and satellites", can be transitioned, as the US Vice President has remarked, to an interpretation which allows us to "harness the distributed intelligence of the Nation". We can create a VIRTUAL INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY which is in the service of the people, which permits informed governance at the local, state, federal, and international levels, and which is—above all—OPEN.

To understand the potential of this virtual intelligence community, one must first understand the power of the "information continuum". It comprises nine knowledge sectors: schools, universities, libraries, businesses, information brokers, media, government, defense, and intelligence (espionage). Each of these sectors holds enormous stores of knowledge within the institutional and individual vaults of knowledge, and it is my judgment that less than 20% of what is known, and perhaps as little as 10%, is ever published, or put into what Lee Felsenstein of Interval Research calls the "information commons".

I postulate several informed judgments here:

1) The Internet is 10% of cyberspace, and cyberspace is 10% of knowledge. MOST of what we know is either in our heads, or in a very limited edition hard-copy memorandum that very few people will ever see. It immediately occurs to me that the law of yesterday focused mostly on restricting dissemination rather than encouraging it, and that the law of tomorrow must make broad dissemination—NOT free dissemination but broad dissemination—a civic as well as a fiduciary responsibility.

2) As John Perry Barlow is fond of noting, "The secrecy paradigm has lost, and the openness paradigm has won." He is correct, and we need to think about how the law should be changed to penalize secrecy and nurture openness.

3) Distributed centers of excellence are far superior to centralized repositories of archival knowledge. The law must evolve to protect and nurture rapidly changing partnerships between individuals and organizations where knowledge is shared freely, yet rights of origin and rights to reimbursement remain. To be effective, individuals and organizations must be able to draw upon widely distributed experts, generally through electronic means. Among the minimal requirements for an electronic network are adequate due diligence law pertaining to electronic identification, database security, and anonymous digital cash transactions.

Concluding with a broad view, I would say that the law is simply not going to be adequately framed until nations and organizations recognize that information operations are NOT part of "housekeeping", but are in fact the very lifeblood of the nation or organization. Information strategies which provide well-conceived umbrellas for ensuring connectivity, acquiring and exploiting content, coordinating investments and standards, and assuring communications and computing security, are prerequisites to good law.

On Wall Street and Main Street, we desperately need—and I never thought I would say this—more lawsuits. Stockholders must begin suing managers for failing to provide due diligence in protecting proprietary information and making use of open sources, and managers must begin suing communications and computing providers for failing to provide "safe C4".



nightly need

by Scott Holstad <sch@well.com>

she wore a face
which cracked and broke
when forced to leave
the hidden light she
loved.

bright night
time glows played
wonders on her eyes
eyeing

the innards of
routers & hubs
grand pbx's
screaming tymenet links
fingering trw bliss
green on black throbbing
old vga

with 28 8
moving

mindlessly
thru wired maze

a boarded circuit rider
eyes glazed
molten pillowed limbs

splayed
entombed in forgotten splendor

Scott C. Holstad has authored eight collections of poetry, the most recent of which is *Places* (Sterling House, 1995). His work has appeared in *The Minnesota Review*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, and *Southern Review*.

Dear Patrick,
I did it. Just like we'd talked about over the Net... It was such a fucking rush. I finally did it.
You saw the email, right? The one from "XXXXXXXXXX Productions" that came across last Monday?
Remember how Jim showed us to use nslookup and then telnet into their SMTP port to find out the
spammer's "real" address? It really works. That damn "p-link@netgrab.spam777.net" account kept
nailing us, the, was actually coming off a place called "1stbptst.org", but their ISP turned out to
be "ronliebprod.com". I used traceroute to find it, and figured that "had" to be the guy. Turned out
that site was just a box co-located inside another ISP - I could tell by their IP numbers and office
phones listed so I started flaming the next provider up the chain to release our friend Ronnie's
details. Some place called "fishersofmen.net". Like these people run churches *and* Internet scams at
the same time or something. I was so fucking fed up after we'd been mail bombed with that disgusting
"Promote Your Website" material repeatedly, especially when they sent a spider out to glean our
clients' email addresses off our web pages and then proceeded to spam *them* too. It just pissed me
off, but it feels so good now. The sysop at "fishersofmen.net", some asshole named Tom Sumpser,
dumped an enormous load of attitude on me about how he could never disclose confidential info, and
that it wasn't anything serious anyway. Fuck that, that's just opposite of how they screwed *our*
customers. So I ran a whois to dig his phone number out of the InterNIC database. That's when the
whole deal got happy, really happy. Turned out they were located in San Antonio. Geez, like all the
other spammers seemed to be lost out in Philadelphia or some place far away, but these people were
right next door. I called him up from a pay phone and fucking screamed at the guy, threatening to
blow his head off for hosting a bunch of spammers. At first he was just pissed off back at me, but
then after about my fourth call from a different pay phone he got kinda scared shitless. What a
wuss. I was screaming and nearly tore my throat open just threatening the guy. Kinda weird finding a
place to yell in a pay phone, but I went out east on Manor and like nobody cares out there what you
do. This Sumpser guy threatened to call the cops on me, but I figured he'd pissed off thousands of
people, and I wasn't the first to call him from the InterNIC records, so how could he prove who it
was? So I got my range bag and bought an aluminum baseball bat from Academy, then drove down to San
Antonio. The ISP is inside a xtian AM radio station building, like with a bunch of cheesy lawyer
offices, real cut-rate, right next to a Catholic cemetery. Not tough to get into either, since like
all the lawyers and insurance agents probably always go home around 5pm. Got there about 6:30 and
waited around the lot. The office people all seemed to empty the parking lot about 6:30 but like
this one guy came out the door with the last of them and waited for a pizza delivery. I forgot to
lock the door on the way back in. The way he looked, I figured it was the ISP guy. I went up the
stairwell and out into the cleaning lady's room where I could watch the door to the P, until
the same guy walked out to go to the bathroom down the hall. I slipped inside the ISP office, and
looked around with a bucket dropped over my bat. There was nobody else around, and it was a really
small office, just like a desk with a back room filled with machines and routers and modems all over.
I ate a piece of the pizza and stole a coke, then hid over behind the door and waited. This guy
took a long-assed time to come back, like maybe he was doing a secretary from the KXTN radio station
or something in the bathroom, but I figured its cool, kinda like a last supper. When he opened the
office door, I waited for him to close it first, so that he'd turn around a bit and see me. He froze,
just like a doe and it was really cool how time just seemed to stop. Everything went slow motion for
a while, like I was only dreamin. I pulled the bat up and swung it hard down over his shoulder, so
he only had a second or so to let out a small pathetic cry. I stared at him for a while, curled into
a fetal position, then this bitch came rushing in with half her dress stuck in the back of her
panties, almost in hysterics when she saw her boy. Must have heard him cry out. So I slammed
her down with the bat cracking over the back of her head. Then I locked the door and started looking
for records. They had a shitload of names and phone numbers scrawled all over sticky notes on the
desk... "XXXX" was on one of them with a note about "\$1000 due" and some S.A. address. I dragged
him and his wench both up on the desk and slammed both of them in the head again, just to keep
them quiet, then pulled their clothes off a bit to make it look like they'd been fucking. Shoved
some pizza in their mouths, too. Then I used that silencer for the Glock which I brought back from
Portland, and capped both of them in the chest. I know it sounds squeamish, but I hate to get
splattered with any live blood when I shoot anything, so I have to like stand off to the side, but
since they were lying on the desk anyway, it was fine. I popped one into the goddamn monitor, too.
Fucking source of all the trouble. It was weird, though, the pizza kinda got pushed out, like they
were vomiting as a final act. Fitting end for mr. spammer and his xtian radio slut. Used most of the
plastic canister of lighter fluid I keep in the range bag to wet the machine room and lit it and
down the stairwell with as much evidence as I could get out and beat it home. It was dark and I
saw me. Stopped at some bumfuck park to toss the bat into a pond. Now I've got and the
customers to visit. I can hang out safe at a friend's lakehouse til I get this finished, then
all that money from working swingshifts at AMD last year, I'll head Yucatan long before they
out exactly what happened up in that ISP office.

BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU...
 YOU'VE JUST BEEN POSITIVELY
 IDENTIFIED AS OUR \$11,000,000
 MYSTERY MILLIONAIRE FROM TX!

INTEREST & NO

AS SEEN ON
TV

FIRST CLASS MAIL

PLEASE KEEP THIS PORTION FOR YOUR RECORDS.
 SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR IMPORTANT INFORMATION

TIME WARNER COMMUNICATIONS

10,000
Life Insurance

Another, more *rational* alternative would be to check out work by Paul Vixie and Scott Hazen Mueller at <http://www.vix.com/spam/> concerning spamming: how to spot it, how to respond, what you can do, what recent court decision affect this issue, etc. The most exciting development is the notion of ISPs collaborating to "listen" for attacks to initiate, then responding in unison to "ignore" the offending rogue sites, temporarily.

The idea is quite similar to the notion of "a kill file turned inside-out" which William Gibson used to describe the technology of Walled City in his latest novel, *Idoru*. "In a general sense it was an extension of the other measures," explains Mueller, media spokesperson for the group. "In a specific sense, Paul Vixie started providing a real-time feed of routing information based in part on the rogue sites list a couple of months back."

In our home city of Austin Texas, the first ISP to adopt this proposal will be the talented innovators at Freeside Communications, <http://www.fc.net/> — check there and with other Vix collaborators for spam-resistant Internet email accounts.



Ed McMahon and Dick Clark

Gallon E Storage

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Holy Fire

review by Scot Casey
<bjonas@fringeware.com>

Holy Fire
by Bruce Sterling
Bantam, 1996
ISBN 0-553-09958-2, 326 pp., US\$22.95

"Are you Mia Zimmerman?" the dog said.
"Yes, I am," Mia said. People walked past her, brisk and purposeful, their solemn faces set, neat shoes scuffing the red brick sidewalks. Under the steady discipline of Mia's gaze, the dog settled on his haunches, crouching at her feet.

"I tracked you from you home," bragged the dog, panting rhythmically. "It's a long way." The dog wore a checkered knit sweater, tailored canine trousers, and a knitted black skullcap.

The dog's gloved front paws were vaguely prehensile, like a raccoon's hands. The dog had short clean fawn-colored fur and large attractive eyes. His voice came from a speaker implanted in his throat.

A psychopompic dog messenger named Plato, who tracks down people at his dying master's request, is almost a throwaway episode in the innovative semi-utopic world of Bruce Sterling's



latest novel, *Holy Fire*. The story is set at the close of the 21st century where a 94 year old woman, Mia Zimmerman, is contemplating the "post-human" condition. With the rise of a medical-industrial complex, the old are able to live longer and accrue more wealth and power. A Gerontocracy controls a world where conservative values, in a physical and fiscal sense, are highly prized. If the youth want to live recklessly, then fuck 'em, let them weed themselves out.

Mia, however, feels there has been something long missing from her safe life, a creative magic or "holy fire". In one of the book's best passages, she chooses to undergo a radical medical procedure that will recreate her body into that of a twenty-year old:

The first major trick was to stop eating. Her entire digestive track would be clogged with a sterilizing putty.

The second trick was too stop breathing. Her lungs would be filled with a sterilizing oxygenating silicone fluid. These two processes would immediately kill off most of the body's internal bacteria.

The third trick was to stop thinking. The blood-brain barrier would be scrubbed free from the capillaries of her skull and the cerebrospinal fluid would be replaced with a sterilizing saline fluid. Profound unconsciousness resulted.

The next trick, quite an advanced one, was to stop being quite so rigorously multicellular. Mia would be fetally sub-

Where Wizards Stay Up Late

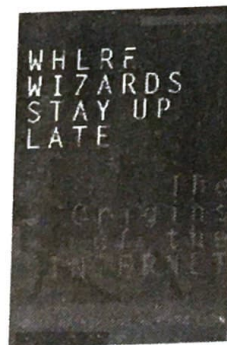
review by Paco Xander
Nathan
<pacoid@fringeware.com>

Where Wizards Stay Up Late
by Katie Hafner and Matthew Lyon
Simon & Schuster, 1996
ISBN 0-684-81201-0, 320pp., US\$24

The story opens (and closes) on a party thrown by Bolt Beranek and Newman in Sep94, to honor the people who created ARPANET. BBN, as you may recall, was the ARPA contractor charged to develop technology which we now know as the Internet.

Spanning the Net's origins from an Eisenhower Washington eclipsed by Sputnik, through the 25 years in which ARPANET flourished prior to its 1989 absorption by NSFNET, this history explores a series of discoveries and radical inventions—a chaotic evolution which blinded and helped fell giants including IBM and AT&T, and grew to encompass the world. More importantly, this history examines the human stories involved: the motivations, relationships, and dreams of those individuals who made the inventions real.

This book is dedicated to the memory of J.C.R. Licklider, the multidisciplinary seer who inspired and conscripted technological pioneers to realize a controversial and then-inconceivable



goal: computer networking. Throughout tenures at Harvard, MIT, BBN, and ARPA, Licklider sought to build the groundwork for a symbiosis between humans and machines, which he half-jokingly referred to as the "Intergalactic Network". True to Licklider's prescient world view, the Net has begun to unfold as a forum for informed grassroots political action, as demonstrated by response to the recent CDA legislation in the US. I am struck by a description of the first instance of potential government censorship within an online forum, in 1979—around when I first encountered the Net, but portentous and instructive even today:

"What emerged from the debate was strong evidence that the networking community felt a deep stake in the creation of the Net, ARPA funding or no ARPA funding, and was trying jealously to guard its right to determine its future. In a realm where, in a sense, personal identity is defined entirely by the words people choose, free speech seemed second only to concern for the survival of the realm itself." [p.208]

The fourth chapter, "Head Down In The Bits", details the final stages of BBN's crash project to produce Interface Message Processors (precursors for today's routers) during 1969. That particular story (my favorite part of the book) unfolds a drama not unlike a fine war novel. A crack team of hardware and software gurus hacked around the clock for months on end, in pursuit of a goal which everyone else thought impossible: the first reliable, packet-switched network capable of spanning continents in real-time:

"The team Heart had assembled knew how to make things that worked, if not perfectly, then well enough. They were engineers and pragmatists. All of their lives they had built

merged in a gelatinous tank of support fluids. Her internal metabolic needs would be supplied through a newly attached umbilical. The hair and the skin had to go.

This "Neo-Telomeric Dissipative Cellular Detoxification" process thus initiates an absorbing character-driven odyssey through the scientific, political, and social realms of a future 100 years ahead of us. The brave and new Mia sets out on a European quest that takes her through thieves, anarchist artists, a metabolically tireless pope, virtual photographers, and cities of edible fungus, searching for something she missed the first time around.

One of the best qualities of Sterling's writings is the richness of his ideas; on almost every page there is something delightfully new. And whereas in the past this has weighed down the narrative, in *Holy Fire* it buoys it up, floating the pages past, and letting the potentially easy utopian "answers" remain mostly hidden beneath the surface.

With each new book, you sense that something different is happening to Bruce Sterling: he is steadily transcending the generic limitations of science fiction. *Holy Fire* is no exception. It is, without any doubt, his finest novel, staking new territories out of the future, taking you back to the exciting potentials of the early forefathers: Verne, Wells, Stapledon. This is writing at a high intellectual pitch: oracular, weird, funny, frightening, and utterly captivating.

things, connected wires, and made concepts real. Their ethos was utilitarian. At its core, all engineering comes down to making tradeoffs between the perfect and the workable."

[p 104]

Today we refer to their fundamental achievement as the Net. Indeed, at the same moment in 1969 that Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin set foot on the Moon, expressing a pinnacle for one era of US high-tech prowess, BBN's team was locked a battle against impossible odds, untraceable bugs, and intolerable bureaucratic frustrations...yet they prevailed, planting the seeds for the pinnacle of a future era. These pioneers, nearly obscured from widespread recognition until now, personally set the stage for our concept of world-class hackers: irreverent, iconoclastic, penultimately resourceful...guys with untamed beards and fast-food fetishes, some who rarely wore shoes yet reformulated foundations of accepted science in their heads as they engaged in rock-climbing expeditions or D&D campaigns.

I grinned and winced to find quotes from my former professors-wishing I'd had this book during grad school... In the space of paragraphs, Hafner and Lyon explain complex networking issues which some of the same experts had taken days to cover in lecture. So many nights spent in school struggling to complete datagram simulations, so many nights spent at work struggling to fix an ailing net or grok some obscure RFC, now hold much more meaning (and empathy) in the context of a clear historical perspective.

Captivated by the intriguing story of those wizards who shaped our online world, I stayed up late enjoying this book—so will you.

Exquisite Corpse

review by Paul Watts

Exquisite Corpse

by Poppy Z. Brite

Simon & Schuster, 1996

ISBN 0-684-82254-7, 240 pp., \$21

An "exquisite corpse" is a round-robin style party game where each player writes a sentence or phrase without being able to see the previously written lines. Consequently the end result when read can run the gamut from prison life to astral projection or from AIDS activism to British holidays. *Exquisite Corpse* is also a book by Poppy Z. Brite that can best be described as Harlequin Romance for Hannibal Lecter.

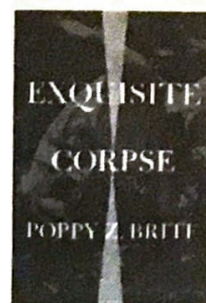
Andrew Compton loves transient boys, especially after he's slashed them to a pulp with a straight razor. He's made rather a habit of it with a total count of twenty-three at the beginning of the book. Into his life walks Jay Byrne, connoisseur of rent boy tartar and the subtle art of disembowelment. It's love at first fright for the serial killers although on their initial date they aren't sure who is going to kill whom. Vietnamese club kid Vinh Tran thinks creepy Jay is just the right man to help him forget his ex, Luke Ransom, who threatened to rape Tran and inject him with HIV-tainted blood. This guy sure knows how to pick 'em. Luke is dealing with his positive status by writing novels and rant DJ-ing on pirate radio station, WHIV, with diatribes reminiscent of *Answer Me!* articles. The end is Greek tragedy typical of most neo-goth stories.

Although not as shock motivated or insipidly parodying as Brett Easton Ellis' *American Psycho*, some scenes are just as gruesomely descriptive and truly terrifying. The wire scrub brush and bleach scene gets more cringe points than Ellis' habitrail scenario and some may be a little put out by the large amount of viscera that gets tossed around. In fact, most of the gore elements are so lovingly portrayed that they bring to mind the putrefaction worship of nineteenth-century French authors like Huysman.

The homoeroticism is hot, giving a plausible bait to the underlying theme that sex can end in death. AIDS iconography is prominent throughout with needle and condom use as well as copious amounts of semen and blood as central story elements, subtly suggesting that the disease itself is somewhat of a serial killer. The two dominate males, Andrew and Luke, are both HIV+ and ironically at one point the murderer puts on a condom when he has sex whereas the DJ wishes to infect his lover. They both feel compelled to complete their artistic works before their demises, however Luke feels that his last novel isn't as strong as it should be while Andrew believes his spree is only getting more interesting with the added insights provided by Jay.

Some of the plot devices do come off contrived, I have to admit. Andrew's Shirley Maclain inspired escape from a high security prison would have been just as unbelievable had he used a plan borrowed from the Joker. In contrast Jay buying off the cops when one of his victims runs naked and bleeding into the streets of New Orleans is unbelievably too real as it reminds us of the incident involving Jeffrey Dahmer and the Laotian boy.

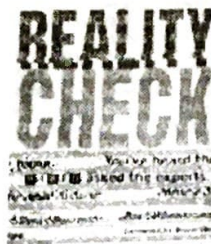
All in all though this novel is a love story so grab your kleenex. How do I like my *Exquisite Corpse*? Well done, Poppy.



Reality Check

review by Paco Xander
Nathan
<pacoid@fringeware.com>

REALITY CHECK: You've heard the hype. Wired asked the experts. Here's the real future.
by Brad Wieners and David Pescovitz
with a foreword by Bruce Sterling
HardWired, 1996
ISBN 1-88869-03-08, 176 pp., US\$16.95



As a writer and publisher, I generally try to give a kind measure of consideration to most any new production project in our field. So when FringeWare received preview galleys for a new HardWired book to be published in Nov96, I gave the work an objective look.

Granted, this review stems from our reading of an uncorrected work in progress. Furthermore, I am assured by the Wired press agent that the final production will retain that Retinal-Attentive look which *Wired* readers have come to know and, uh, "love". However, only one word can truly summarize this book's content: *atheticpay*.

Imagine being a white male US citizen, somewheres nearby age 35ish, with a graduate degree, a gadget fetish, and a job in the high-tech industry earning over US\$80k per year. Imagine being awoken early on a hung-over Saturday morning with

Rules of the Net

book review by Anita Susan Brenner
<brenner@fringeware.com>

Rules of the Net
(Online Operating Instructions For Human Beings)
by Thomas Mandel and Gerard van der Leun
Hyperion, New York 1996
ISBN 0-7868-8135-6, 256pp., US\$12.95

I didn't wait for a review copy because I was seduced by the jacket photos of demonic *fredm@well.com* and the heavenly *tommy@jetboy.org*. Without using the Big Words (e.g. identity spoofing, tribalism, digicash), *Rules* explains CyberLaw in simple language. I wish I had read this book before I got into my first flame war.

someone demanding to interview you via cellphone about which specific events you felt would be important to happen in the near future. Imagine having the result of that discussion transcribed by editors in San Francisco, illustrated with previously published images from other magazines and movies and television shows, then pawned off as an "informed tour of the next century" for the price of a decent bottle of California wine.

Reality Check presents 70+ foretold events, plotted on a timeline which runs between 1996 to 2225 to Unlikely to Never. Each page spread includes the event date plus headline plus illo plus relevant URLs, along with a few paragraphs which reference the headline as some author's vision and chart pros vs. cons of the event's likelihood by noted field experts. Ooooooooooooo, what controversy!

Our "informed tour" presents such earthquivering futur-ennui events as "The Book Goes Digital", "Teledildonics", "Virtual Sex Slave" and "Online Advertising Eclipses TV Commercials". Obviously, our dear friends at *Wired* magazine have run into financial troubles, and hence decided to recycle their old headlines in coffetable book format, to raise cash fast.

Best Nugget: Year 2025, *Contact With Extraterrestrial Intelligence*, p. 117—"Amazingly, establishing contact with extraterrestrials is currently a federal crime. Title 14, Section 1211 of the Code of Federal Regulations, adopted on July 16, 1969, makes it illegal for U.S. citizens to have an encounter with extraterrestrials or their vehicles. Those found guilty of such an encounter face quarantine (with or without a hearing), up to a year in prison, and a fine of US\$5,000."

Wordsound I Powa

review by Monte McCarter
<monte@fringeware.com>

Wordsound I Powa
Live From the Planet Crooklyn
ROIR
+1 212 477 0563



I don't know about you, but a compact disc with a sticker reading "BROOKLYN'S NEW TERRORIST REGGAE SOUND SYSTEM" is gonna get my attention. Throw the catch phrase "Dub-Hop" in the mix, and I'm hooked, but good. ROIR, the label behind the **Bad Brains**, accomplished both these feats with a CD I found in the mail a while back. The band is called **Wordsound I Powa**, and the disc is called *Live From the Planet Crooklyn*. It's a bass-bending synthesis of slow, funky hip-hop beats, dubbed out delays, and sample piracy.

Between the swimmy spaces created by Wordsound's wonderful use of reverb/delay and their eclectic use of samples, this is a disc that will definitely take you outside your head, if you let it. You'll find yourself floating amongst reggae samples and film fragments glued together with bass. Lots of bass. A collage that will guide you out of the post industrial rubble, and on out into the light. The "instrumental" *Theme From a Dread Western* is my fav track by far. If your tuned into the dub frequency and dig hip hop beats, you will enjoy this unique disc.

Worst Nugget: Year 2006, *Effective Hair-Loss Prevention*, p. 61—yet another infomercial... okay, so it tied for last place with *Year Never, Paperless Office*.

In contrast, recent futurist Patrick Deese (FringeWare Purveyor of Pop Subculture) predicts Year 1997, *Cthulhu supplants Alien Invasion as the next fringe subculture to break into mainstream*.

Back to *Reality Check*, cover jacket reviews feature: "It is the best guide of its kind that I have ever seen."—by *Megatrends* author John Naisbitt; and "An essential reference, not just for forecasting, but for anyone concerned with current trends in technology."—by Paul Saffo, director of the Institute for the Future. IMHO, those statements carry about as much information content as hearing a KKK Grand Dragon proclaim that an upcoming David Duke speech "will perhaps be offensive to some people".

Amazingly enough, Mike Godwin doesn't appear at all (headline: "Johnny Mnemonic Jilted By Peers"), and, even more astonishingly, this *Wired* publication invokes only one lonely reference to Marshall McLuhan.

If you want a real source for good futurism, check out a periodical called *Future Survey* by the World Future Society (<http://www.tmn.com/wfs/>), a group with which one of *Wired's* few remaining relevant writers, Gareth Branwyn, has been associated.

If I were Bruce Sterling, I'd be embarrassed.

Silica-gel

review by Monte McCarter
<monte@fringeware.com>

Silica-gel
50) Noisy Children Party
Wifflefist Records
PO Box 33561
Raleigh, NC 27636 USA



Remember when industrial music was cool? Jack Hammers thumping to the beat, Play It Again Sam import discs, wondering if that NIN kid was gonna sell out the vibe... For me the best part was the innovative use of tape loops and samples. A brave new world where anything audible, and some not, were up for grabs. Soundscapes and atmospheres were created, evoking feelings of starless sodium vapor nights filled with replicants seeking eternal life. Well, the CD 50) *Noisy Children Party* by Silica-gel, although spawned by that very same devil music, has that... plus a whole lot more going on. Namely, a sense of humor (It's no mistake that this disc has been released by Seeland music, aka *Negativland*). Mixed in with some down right beautiful sound deconstruction is wide variety of cut-up pop culture. Police reports, toothpaste commercials, cattle mutilations, it's all in there. Silica-gel combines the sonic innovation of industrial music with a subtle shot of media satire—all the while managing to hum a good tune and drop the beat... "Master of the Game" is a down-right haunting track, and probably my fav on the disc. If you like *Negativland*, if you dig industrial, if quirky gets you off, buy 50) *Noisy Children Party*. This CD proves that sound experimentation can be beautiful, melodic, humorous and still bite yer head clean off.

Eye Candy 3.0 (TFFKABB: The filters formerly known as *Black Box*)

review by Monte McCarter
<monte@fringeware.com>

Eye Candy 3.0
Alien Skin Software
1100 Wake Forest Rd, Suite 101
Raleigh, NC 27604
+1 919 832 4124
<http://www.alienskin.com/>



For those of you who have already noticed the advert on the inside back cover of *FWR*, yes Alien Skin is now one of our advertisers. Yeah, I know it looks pretty darn sell-out to review a product you're also helping to market, but if it's good enough for *WiReD*... O.K., if you are a serious *Photoshop* user, just go buy Alien Skin's *Eye Candy 3.0* right now. This latest installment of filters replaces Alien Skin's award winning *Black Box* plug-ins. It includes not only improved versions of their old filters, but a bunch of new toys as well. I'm telling you these filters are some of the damn handiest things to have around, and can save you a lot of time. Whether you just need a drop shadow, or something to scare you parents with, it's here. Inner and outer bevel (hold outs from the *Black Box* days) are particularly useful, giving you that funky 3d feel all the kids dig. These two filters are perfect if you find yourself designing lots buttons for webs sites... and once you try adding an inner bevel to text, you'll be changed for life. The refraction effect on the glass filter is impressive, even though it's *Black Box* cousin crashed my computer more than once. The swirl and fur filters are also a must-see, not to mention fire which is just plain impressive. About the best endorsement I can give this software is the fact that good ol' *Black Box 2.0* was used just about every time I fired up the ol' *PowerWave*, and *Eye Candy 3.0* is proving to be no exception. Go get it.

Resume with Monsters

review by Scot Casey
<bjones@fringeware.com>

Resume with Monsters
by William Browning Spencer
White Wolf Publishing, 1995
ISBN 1-56504-913-6, 469 pp., US\$5.99

The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown.
—H. P. Lovecraft



Following Lovecraft, I imagine the next to oldest emotion is laughter, and the strongest kind of laughter is laughing at some fool who is afraid of the unknown. Images of cargo cultists fearfully worshipping a walkie-talkie come to mind. Regardless of which came first, the pairing of horror and comedy is a powerful one, few writers being able to pull it off with any style. William Browning Spencer, however, is one writer who excels in this difficult mixed genre. *Resume with Monsters* is a horrifically funny, or maybe a hilariously horrifying, book.

The genius of this thoroughly entertaining novel is in pairing the horrors of the corporate workplace with the latent comedy of H. P. Lovecraft's fiction. Philip Kenan works at Ralph's

One-Day Resumes in Austin, Texas as a typesetter, mostly setting up old men's retirement cards: "No Job, No Money, No Worries." The rest of Philip's time is spent watching for "signs of the Cthulhu or Yog-Sothoth or his dread messenger, Nyarlathotep." He has already lost his previous job and girlfriend because of the Great Old Ones. Thinking that perhaps another person might be able to help him to figure out his strange beliefs, he answers an ad in the *Austin Chronicle* for a counselor. She asks him to tell her in one sentence what the problem is.

"Well, I lost my job and my girlfriend left me."

"Good," Lily said, nodding her head in violent affirmation as a cloud of cigarette smoke merged with her cloudy hair. "That's just what I meant. Now we are getting somewhere."

"And hideous, cone-shaped creatures from outer space are going to leap, telepathically, across six hundred million years and destroy human civilization."

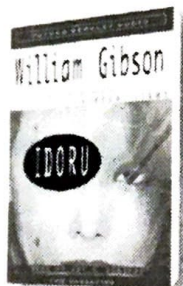
It just came out.

Spencer spins an ultra-thin membrane of reality around his characters. You read along that thin line between laughter and fear, happily second guessing yourself at every new twist and turn. Is that large battered tome Philip's boss is reading really the *Necronomicon* or merely a bible? Is there actually a degenerate subculture of inbred office workers lurking beneath the city, or has Philip forgotten to take his medication? Are copier machines truly multidimensional transportation devices for the Old Ones? Philip evokes our sympathies in the same manner as a character

Idoru

review by Scot Casey
<bjones@fringeware.com>

Idoru
by William Gibson
Putnam, 1996
ISBN 0-399-14130-8, 292 pp., US\$24.95



Gibson's fetish for the "semiotic fragment" has never been more apparent, or invoked with greater narrative skill, than in his latest novel. A Franz Kafka theme bar called Death Cube K, the teen anti-heroine named Chia Pet McKenzie, algorithmically designed eigenhead models, and Daihatsu Graceland vehicles are only a few of the semiotic morsels Gibson drops into the engaging text, his best since *Mona Lisa Overdrive*.

Forty-six tightly written chapters alternate and converge around the mystery of why the musician Rez, of the popular rock band Lo/Rez, has decided to marry an *Idoru*—an entirely virtual media star. Colin Laney, a consummate data recognition expert straight out of an Alfred Bester novel, is hired from the inside to figure it out. On the outside is Chia McKenzie, a member of the Seattle chapter of the Lo/Rez fan club, sent over to Tokyo to uncover how the "dickless whore, the disembodied" has managed to trap Rez's soul.

Although *Idoru* lacks the pyrotechnic density of *Neuromancer*, its lines are cleaner, alchemically minimalistic, more Japanese. The partial, evoked views of the 21st century world, are happily completed by the reader. In the end this eminently readable book forms a disquieting meditation on the nature of celebrity, saying more about the future that is now than the one that will be there then. As always, you wonder where Gibson will go next and hope just a little further.

Operating an underground media collective, over the years, we've had plenty of need for good legal advice... FringeWare would like to thank the following media-savvy individuals and firms for their support as counsel, as clients, and as friends, whom we recommend unconditionally:

Anita Susan Brenner - Torres & Brenner, Pasadena CA
brenner@well.com
Charisse Castagnoli - Smallworks Inc., Austin TX
charisse@smallworks.com
Joe Corcoran - Smallworks Inc., Austin TX
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Grant Sutherland - Sutherland Johnston & MacLean, Vancouver BC
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Steve Ryan - J. Stephen Ryan, Houston CA
sryan@io.com
Gary Kissiah - Small, Craig, & Werkentchin, Austin TX
delmar@well.com
Pete Kennedy - George, Donaldson & Ford, Austin TX
gdf@well.com

in a Kafka story. We want the rest of the world to believe him, to merely listen to him. But Spencer flips our sympathy over on its back, creating an explosion of humor in the process. But our laughter is uneasy. Because if Philip is seeing the world as it really is, then fear is clearly a more appropriate emotion.

The video box displayed a spider-like thing, wrapped in the naked embrace of something resembling a giant sea anemone. On the other boxes, lurid organs caressed unspeakable appendages.

Alien porn. Here the Old Ones came to satisfy their fibrillating libidos, to clatter their chitinous mandibles, to drool acid and undulate in the promise of secret, forbidden pleasures.

And, of course, the corporate big-shots would have discreet access to this room.

There is a fitting allegory for our all too corporate age lurking upon the threshold of this highly readable novel. I figure it out to be that the more comfortable and content you are with your place in the hierarchy of the System, the more likely it is that you are possessed by a demonic entity. At the end of *Resume with Monsters*, you catch yourself checking behind the curtains, under the bed, and laughing when you realize its only your imagination. But that was Lovecraft's point wasn't it? And that is Spencer's point. The evil is inside of you. The source of the fear is within. We should all go shake William Browning Spencer's hand for pointing this out to us so subtly in such an entertaining book.

HAL's Legacy

review by Scot Casey
<bjonas@fringeware.com>

HAL's Legacy
by David Stork, ed.
MIT Press, 1996
ISBN 0-262-19378-7, 384 pp., \$US22.50



"I became operational...in Urbana, Illinois, on January 12, 1997." Birth date and place of one of science fiction's most famous computers, the HAL 9000, now celebrated in a beautifully produced book by MIT. Sixteen non-technical essays explore the various facets of the science of intelligent machines.

Arthur C. Clarke leads off with a delightful foreword about the birth and death of HAL. Amongst anecdotes and poetry, Clarke finally sets to rest the issue of where the name HAL came from: NOT from IBM, but as an acronym for Heuristic ALgorithmic.

Following essays explore issues such as what it would take to build HAL now, supercomputer design, chess playing, speech recognition, and lipreading, to name a few. The final essay on computer ethics by Daniel Dennett is especially interesting as it speculates upon various prior "incarnations" of HAL from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Blade Runner*, exploring possibilities of "humanness".

Overall, this richly illustrated book simultaneously serves to pay homage to an unforgettable film, and stands as one of the best (most readable) surveys of the computer science field.

Netiquette

book review by Andrea Chase
<vera@well.com>

Netiquette
by Virginia Shea
Albion Books
ISBN 0-9637025-1-3, 160 pp., US\$19.95

Netiquette



Cyberspace is a community like any other and so it is no surprise that a virtual culture has arisen to grease the wheels of virtual interaction. First-timers out there, clueless and giddy, are just so much flame-fodder:

The Clueless Newbie Flame. This flame results from disparities of knowledge and experience. The clueless newbie stumbles into a discussion group and starts posting stupid questions. Old timers and wizards then flame at will. This is a cheap flame. It's just too easy. All cybernauts begin as newbies. If you're an experienced net citizen, remember that you were a newbie at one point in your net career.

Here's the nightmare scenario:

You've just gotten your first computer. You've figured out how to turn it on and made your first few baby steps as interacting with your software. You're modem is responding and suddenly your surfing all those magical cyberplaces you've heard so much about. You're riding high and feeling pretty damn slick. You want to make a fresh new batch of cyber friends. How do you introduce yourself? You upload your favorite Kerouac rambling or Dilbert cartoon to every Usenet group and listserv list on the planet and then ask them what their group is all about. In all caps.

Congratulations! You've just set yourself up for a lawsuit and a flame war of epic proportions.

Ms Chase is an editor at our late-departed sister station, WER.

Low-Cost Random Noise Source For Computers (RS-232 Compatible)

Amplifies, filters and digitizes the random noise generated by a transistor junction. Serial output port provides a 19.2k baud (can be 9600 baud) stream of ASCII-encoded hexadecimal digits, representing consecutive 4-bit concatenations of the 1-bit noise generated by analog circuit (effective 7840 bps stream). Very low-power operation. Automatic power-off/on circuits. Priced around \$95, including optional 20ga. steel box and battery monitoring circuits.

Advantages: continuous stream of "good enough" random numbers, derived from an analog noise source. **Disadvantages:** Second-order effects minimized but not eliminated. These include susceptibility to EMI, bias weightings of mean due to changes in battery voltage and residual innate skew. Monte Carlo and frequency domain analysis will show these to some extent, while other applications may not be affected.

Beta testers are invited to contact FWR on behalf of the manufacturer. Available in May 1997. Inquiries about custom versions are welcomed.

FringeWare Bookstore

TITLE	AUTHOR	PRICE	WEIGHT (g)	TITLE	AUTHOR	PRICE	WEIGHT (g)
ART OF H R GIGER							
H R Giger ARH+	Giger, H R	\$9.99	329	Psychodetic Monographs & Essays v6	Lyttle, Thomas (ed)	\$20.00	240
Giger's Alien	Giger, H R	\$27.50	400	Psychodetic Reader	Leary, Timothy	\$12.95	326
H R Giger: 6 Posters 31X44 cm	Giger, H R	\$8.99	555	Psychodetic Sourcebook	Beifuss, Will	\$14.95	251
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H R Giger's Necronomicon II	Giger, H R	\$69.50	799	Salviorini: Psych. Essence Of Salvo Demomum	Turner, D M	\$9.95	215
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				Smart Drugs II	Morgenthaler	\$14.95	277

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Archaic Revival	McKenna, Terence	\$15.00
Invincible Landscape	McKenna, Terence	\$14.00
Food of the Gods Search for Original Tree of Knowledge	McKenna, Terence	\$15.95
True Hallucinations	McKenna, Terence	\$14.00
Dialogues at the Edge of the West	McKenna & Abraham	\$14.95

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Psilocybin Magic Mushroom Grower's Gd	Oss & Oeric	\$16.95
Sacred Mushroom Seeker	Riedinger, Thomas	\$24.95
Hallucinogenic & Poisonous Mushroom Field Gd	Menser, Gary	\$14.95
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RE/Search 4/5: William S Burroughs, Bryon Gysin & Throbbing Gristle
V Vale, Andrea Juno (eds)
\$15.99, 0.2850 kg
BOOK-0-9650469-1-5



Interviews, scarce fiction, rare photos & discographies of W.S. Burroughs, Bryon Gysin & Genesis P-Orridge. (96 pp)

Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin Up Legend

Karen Essex, James L Swanson
\$40.00, 0.3870 kg
BOOK-1-881649-62-8

Bettie Page, legendary pin-up girl & icon finally gets her true story published. Stuffed full of private photographs from childhood on as well as a great selection of her modeling work, this is the only book authored by people who were actually able meet & interview her since she stopped modeling. From the reproduction of Bettie's 1995 handwritten letter to her fans to the last photograph of herself she would allow to be published (from 1962), this is a fascinating view into the private life of one of America's underground sweethearts.

Amok Journal: (senssurround edition) a Compendium of Psycho-Physiological Investigations
Stuart Swezey (ed)
\$19.95, 0.3290 kg
BOOK-1-878923-03-X



This incredible volume covers in detail: Autoerotic Fatalities (w/ illos) (82 pp); Trepanation (the practice of removing a disc of bone from the skull, 47 pp);

Gualtiero Jacopetti (Director of the film 'Mondo Cane' 36 pp); Cargo Cults (50 pp); NSK (Laibach's non-musical project, art that embraces the use of propaganda, 67 pp); Self-mutilation Amputee Fetish (70 pp); Infrasound (Utilization of ultra-low frequency sound, 66 pp); Psych-Out (the psycho-physiological transformations & sensational outcroppings in human behavior. 29 pp) (474 pp w/ bibliography.) Yum!

Gemstone File
Jim Keith
\$14.95, 0.2740 kg
BOOK-0-9626534-5-4



The the near mythical 'Gemstone File' has been privately circulated in conspiracy circles since 1975, the contents of which are supposed to reveal the

identity of the conspirators in the assassination of JFK. The contents are now laid bare by Jim Keith, one of America's most prolific, & perhaps more importantly, most respected conspiracy authors. Includes commentary from Robert Anton Wilson, Jonathan Vankin, Len Bracken & more. (214 pp)

Happy Mutant Handbook: Mischievous Fun For Higher Primates

Mark Frauenfelder, Carla Sinclair, Gareth Branwyn, Will Kreth (eds)
\$15.00, 0.3000 kg
BOOK-1-573225-02-9



boING-boING magazine's foray into the book world. Great examination of the worlds of strange ideas & products that

our culture have produced. Includes contributions by Bill Barker (Schwa creator), Ivan Stang (Church of the SubGenius), Mack White (highly talented cartoonist) & many more. (205 pp)

Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep

Philip K Dick
\$11.00, 0.2770 kg
BOOK-0-345-40447-5



The reissue of the now classic Philip K Dick novel that inspired Ridley Scott's masterpiece Blade Runner. Wherein you'll discover the true nature of Rick Deckard, etc, etc. This reissue of the original title features a great new cover & the inclusion of a 1975 introduction by Roger Zelazny. Required reading. (244 pp)

Groom Lake T Shirt
Area 51 Research Center
\$15.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0502

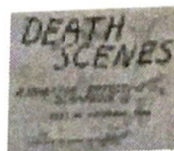


Conspiracy Lovers & UFO buffs will recognize Groom Lake as the location of the US Government's increasingly less Top

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Sean Tejaratchi (ed)
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BOOK-0-922915-29-6



Introduction by Katherine Dunn. An LA County homicide detective's collection of crime scene

photographs & other oddities encountered during the course of his career 1921 to the late 1940's. Possibly some of the most violent, intense & arresting images ever assembled in one volume. Recommended, but not for the weak of heart. (167 pp)

Cyberspace & the Law
E Cavazos, G Morin
\$19.95, 0.1850 kg
BOOK-0-262-53123-2



Know your rights in the electronic world. Co-written by our own friend and advisor, Ed Cavazos. Recommended. Not sure if

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\$9.99, 0.3290 kg
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Color photo-bio of the Dutch born artist & his work. By far the most affordable quality book about one of the most enigmatic dark artists of

our time. (96 pp)

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Archaic Revival: Speculations On Psychedelic Mushrooms, The Amazon, Virtual Reality, UFOs, Evolution, Shamanism, The Rebirth Of The Goddess, And The End Of History

Terence McKenna
\$15.00, 0.2780 kg
BOOK-0-06-253613-7



An essential collection of McKenna's essays, interviews, and narratives. McKenna has a fascinating vision into hallucinogenic states of being, offering illuminating perspectives on aliens, temporal resonance, evolution and the Voynich manuscript to mention but a few. The essay on Wasson's literary precursors is a required entheogenic bibliography. (263 pp)

Different Loving: The World of Sexual Dominance & Submission

Gloria G Brame, William D Brame, Jon Jacobs
\$18.00, 0.2590 kg
BOOK-0-679-76956-0



A monstrous volume of work representing interviews of over 100 people, experts in the field of dominance & submission. Fascinating personal profiles make for engaging reading. The book, divided into 3 broad categories: "Different Loving," "Imagination & Desire" & "The Pleasures of Discomfort" is further subdivided into each individual nuance, ie "Head Trips & Roleplaying," "The ABCs of D&S" etc. All in all, a good book for both the curious & the initiated. (539 pp)

Food of the Gods: The Search for the Original Tree of Knowledge

Terence McKenna
\$15.95, 0.2940 kg
BOOK-0-553-37130-4



McKenna's magnum opus fuses the thinking of psychedelic popularizers, such as Leary and Alpert & entheogenic botanists, like Wasson and Ott, into a much needed synthesis. This book is a manifesto for rethinking our relationship to psychoactive plants. With this in mind, it offers a fascinating revisionist history of the human species, the crucial role hallucinogens in human evolution both past, present, and future. (311 pp)

Holy Fire
Bruce Sterling
\$22.95, 0.3870 kg
BOOK-0-553-09958-2



Holy Fire is set at the close of the 21st century where a 94 year old woman, Mia Zimmerman, is contemplating the "post-human" condition. With the rise of a medical-industrial complex, the old are able to live longer and accrue more wealth and power. Mia, however, feels there has been something missing from her long safe life, a creative magic or "holy fire." In one of the book's best passages, she chooses to undergo a radical medical procedure that will recreate her body into that of a twenty-year old. Thus we set out on an absorbing character driven odyssey through the scientific, political, and social, realms of a future 100 years ahead of us. This is writing at a high intellectual pitch, oracular, wierd, frightening, & utterly captivating. (326 pp)

Appendix A: An Elaboration On The Novel The End Of Alice

A M Homes
\$15.00, 0.3030 kg
BOOK-0-9631095-6-1



Designed as a textual & visual supplement to her novel "The End of Alice", "Appendix A" stands out as a significant contribution both as a supplement & alone. Visually compelling photographs of individual evidence bags filled with the personal effects of a murder victim, a family photo album pages with faces blacked out, mixed media collage pieces done by the murderer & reproductions of various legal & court documents round out the physical evidence. The murder's confession is a haunting & sickening answer to Homes' stunning novel. Alone or with the novel, this book is highly recommended. (68 pp)

Groom Lake Hat
Area 51 Research Center
\$12.00, 0.2850 kg SKIN-0500



Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. Black 'baseball' style cap with patch.

Ethnobotany: Evolution of a Discipline
Richard Evans Schultes, Siri von Reis
\$49.95, 0.6200 kg
BOOK-0-931146-28-3



This fascinating collection of 36 essays was published in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the formalizing of ethnobotany as a science. The editor's approach to this crucial subject is broad & interdisciplinary, encompassing anthropology, botany, history, medicine, religion & sociology to name but a few. William Emboden & Peter Furst each have excellent articles concerning historical ethnobotany. Albert Hofmann & Dennis McKenna each contribute to the section on ethnopharmacology. And the late R. Gordon Wasson has a short piece on ethnomycology. It is rare & delightful to encounter a book that covers its field with as many solid & readable essays as this one. (414 pp)

Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas & Other Stories

Hunter Thompson
\$15.50, 0.3100 kg
BOOK-0-679-60231-3



The Modern Library Editorial Board should all be congratulated for electing Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas into this august series. Not only is this 25th anniversary hardback edition affordably priced, it also features Ralph Steadman's original drawings & 3 companion pieces: "Jacket Copy for Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas," "Strange Rumbblings in Aztlan," & "The Kentucky Derby is Decadent & Depraved." The typically hilarious "Jacket Copy" details the twisted evolution of the book from a 250-word caption for Sports Illustrated to its present inimitable form. (283 pp)

Groom Lake Patch
Area 51 Research Center
\$8.00, 0.0450 kg SKIN-0501



Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. 5x4 cm patch ideal for your flight jacket or other garment.

Future Noir: the Making of Blade Runner

Paul M Sammon

\$16.00, 0.3470 kg

BOOK-0-06-105314-7



An indepth examination of Ridley Scott's film Blade Runner, based on the novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep" by Philip K Dick. Possibly one of the

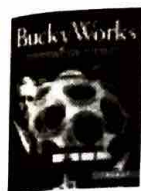
most influential SF films ever made, complete with scene by scene commentary by the principles, a discontinuity index & even a discography this massive page volume will slake the thirst of even the most obsessive fan. Recommended. (441 pp)

Bucky Works: Buckminster Fuller's Ideas For Today

J Baldwin

\$29.95, 0.4150 kg

BOOK-0-471-12953-4



A serious examination of the inventions of Buckminster Fuller in terms of the practical applications. Many of Fuller's inventions were

plagued with difficulties in the materials available at the time. New technologies have allowed many of Fuller's creations to approach a stage of realization never possible in his lifetime. Baldwin explores Fuller's ideas in terms that are appealing to both the layman & the initiate. An excellent comprehensive introduction to Buckminster Fuller. (243 pp)

Gravikords, Whirlies & Pyrophones: Experimental Musical Instruments (w/CD)

Bart Hopkin (ed)

\$29.95, 0.3660 kg

BOOK-1-55961382-3



Introduction by Tom Waits. This CD & book box set is a gold mine of original recordings of experimental instruments. Includes the

Theremin, the Trigon Incantor, the 25 foot tall Bass Harp, the Photon Clarinet & many more.

Featuring in all 37 designers & builders of unusual musical instruments such as Fred 'Spaceman' Long, Leon Theremin, Robert Moog, etc. Of late, our favorite listening material, highly recommended. 96 pp booklet w/90 pictures; 73 minute CD)

Surfing On Finnegan's Wake & Riding the Range With Marshall McLuhan

Terence McKenna

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From the manufacturer's catalog: "In dramatic readings & revealing analysis of Finnegan's Wake... McKenna dives deep into James Joyce's

staggering allegory of the fall & redemption of humankind & the Union of spirit & matter. Marshall McLuhan was a philosopher of media, Joyce scholar & medievalist who turned the analytical Western deconstructionist method on the technologies of communication. 'Joyce & McLuhan were the prophets of the worlds in which we now stand - the world of integrated interactive media & extraordinary data retrieval that erases the 19th century notion of the unconscious. Nothing is now unconscious if your data search commands are powerful enough.'" (2 tape set, 120 minutes)

History Ends In Green: Gaia, Psychedelics & the Archaic Revival

Terence McKenna

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everything was called into question. It was like the descent of an angel into the desert of reason. McKenna speaks of the wrong turn taken ever since the abandonment of ecstasy induced by plants, & of the ancient goddess religions, where the dimensions of the self interface directly with nature..." (6 tape set, 7 hours, 30 minutes)

101 Unuseless Japanese Inventions

Kenji Kawakami

\$11.95, 0.2170 kg

BOOK-0-393-31369-7



A celebration of chindogu, the art of the unuseless idea, this book presents us with a panoply of the "almost useless" inventions of Kenji Kawakami.

Although words do no justice to the amazing photographs, chindogu such as the duster slippers for cats, full body umbrellas & a hydrophobe's bath body suit offer exquisite testimony to the strange genius of the chindogu creators. (159 pp)

Controlled Substances: Chemical & Legal Guide To Federal Drug Laws

Alexander T Shulgin

\$59.95, 0.4300 kg

BOOK-0-914171-50-X



From the back: "A revised & updated edition of the definitive source of information about illicit drugs: lists every scheduled drug, authority

for its inclusion in the law, its chemical abstracts number, & known synonyms; history of the Federal Drug laws to its present form; complete listings of chemical structure of controlled substances by family; drug code numbers; all Federal Register Citations used to justify changes in the laws & regulations; drug laws, definitions & sentencing guidelines." This is a great book. The Western Laboratory Chief of the DEA said: "Solved one of my biggest headaches, namely: what chemicals are we supposed to be controlling?" (410 pp)

Healing Forest: Medicinal & Toxic Plants of the Northwest Amazonia

Richard Evans Schultes, Robert F Raffauf

\$69.95, 0.5320 kg

BOOK-0-931146-14-3



As the rainforests of the world are rapidly decimated, books such as this acquire an almost religious significance.

Schultes has produced an enormous & essential volume on nearly 1500 plant species in Northwest Amazonia. 16% of all plant species on Earth thrive in the Amazon. Most are unknown. Those that are have had little study of their possible uses. Hopefully this catalogue, which employs the knowledge & folklore of native peoples, will become a source for new medicines & other useful compounds for the welfare of our sad race. Over 20 new potential entheogens are described in detail. (484 pp)

Black Helicopters Over America: Strikeforce for the New World Order

Jim Keith

\$12.95, 0.2470 kg

BOOK-1-881532-05-4



The UN is taking over the US, just look at all the Black Helicopters. Tried & true conspiracy author Jim Keith explores this popular militia call to arms.

Cosmic Trigger Volume Three: My Life After Death

Robert Anton Wilson
\$14.95, 0.3120 kg
BOOK-1-56184-112-9
Age Statement Required



This new third volume includes Wilson's amusing commentary on the widely spread announcement of his demise, as well as the expected signature work on synchronicity, UFOs, hoaxes, religious fanatics, James Joyce, Orson Welles, et al. (246 pp)

Know Your Enemy (Cop)

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0230



New in the Terror Garment Family this bold graphic depicts 'Officer Friendly' holding a shotgun, black text proclaims "KNOW YOUR ENEMY", sleeve has Terror's AK logo and reverse says "Terror World Wide". Size XL, specify black or olive cotton. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Terror Pistola Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0231



A giant color graphic of a .38 special surrounded by a flaming background. Large red letters simply say 'KILL'. Black cotton size XL only. Each shirt also has the a mini 'kid tested' logo sleeve print & a large 'Terror World Wide' logo on the reverse. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Satan is Love Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0215



Cute puppy print with 70's trippy font, proclaiming 'Satan is Love'. Reverse says 'Terror World Wide'. Black Cotton, specify XL or baby girl T. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Prayer Wheels T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0205



Prayer wheel of hand guns surrounding the sanskrit ohm symbol, surrounded by flames. Reverse reads Terror World Wide. Multicolor

screen print on black cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Manson T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0206



Everyone's favorite criminal larger than life, text reads: "Charles Manson the most famous mass murderer in history".

Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

I Blame Society T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$15.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0207

I BLAME SOCIETY



B&W screen print of hands gripping a .38 special, the text reads "I BLAME SOCIETY". White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

William S. Burroughs (Fish Eye) Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$15.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0210



William S. Burroughs surrounded by his own text on a white cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only. This portrait is taken with a fish eye lens for maximum visual effect.

Kill Your Idols (Religion) Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0211



Close up portrait of everyone's favorite crucified guy w/text "Kill Your Idols". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.

Wm. S. Burroughs (w/ Hat)

Terror WorldWide
\$15.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0200



William S. Burroughs wearing a hat & tie surrounded by his own text. Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From

the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Bukowski T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$15.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0201



Multi-colored screen print with Charles Bukowski surrounded by sex ads & liquor labels. White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Burroughs w/ Gun T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$15.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0202



Bill Burroughs, doing what he likes best, pointing a gun. Multi-colored screen print, white Cotton, size XL.

Kid Tested, Mother Approved T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0203



The Terror logo, an AK-47 surrounded by the slogan "Kid tested, Mother Approved". Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Revolution Will Not Be Televised T-Shirt

Terror WorldWide
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0204



Television tuned to a dead channel, the text reads 'SLEEP'. Reverse says 'KILL YOUR TV'. B&W screen print, black cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

'Bob' Dobbs Boxers
Church of the SubGenius
\$17.00, 0.1180 kg SKIN-0510



White cotton cloth with the classic half toned 'Bob' Dobbs pattern, but when you turn off the light, beware, Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' glows with sinister glee. Size M or L. The official SubGenius temple garment.

Good 'Bob' / Bad 'Bob' Shirt
Church of the SubGenius
\$18.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0512



The ultimate SubGenius shirt, two sided, the front features 'Bob' himself, with a detailed

alchemical border & a blue background, the back features Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' in his green scaled glory, with a red background. White cotton, size XL. Not for the timid. A product of the Church of SubGenius.

Cowboy 'Bob'
Church of the SubGenius
\$17.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0513



Perched atop a Tyrannosaurus Rex, Cowboy 'Bob' rides with style. Unbleached 'natural' cotton, size XL. Yet another SubGenius product.

Cybersaurus Dobsil
Church of the SubGenius
\$17.00, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0514



A robotic dinosaur with the face of 'Bob'. From the manipulator arm extending from his pipe, to the mechanized sneakers, this is an incarnation of 'Bob' to

be reckoned with. On ash cotton cloth, specify size L or XL.

'Bob' Hat
Church of the SubGenius
\$17.00, 0.2850 kg SKIN-0515



'Baseball' style slack hat, with a black & white embroidered 'Bob' face. Stand out from the Normals with this black cotton cap.

'Bob' Magnet
Church of the SubGenius
\$3.50, 0.0250 kg MEME-0023



This incredible device is designed to magnetically adhere to metallic surfaces, utilizing the inherent qualities of the substance of it's

manufacture and the properties of the target object. Not hazardous, however as always avoid long term exposure. Black & white image, 1" by 1.75".

Area 51 Vehicle Pass
Area 51 Research Center
\$2.50, 0.0160 kg MEME-0051



The official vehicle pass, produced by the Area 51 Research Center. 1.5" by 2.5" white vinyl sticker with

the words 'Area 51' featured in red ink, plus lots of other important information that official things have on them. Put this on your car & they'll wave you through the gate. (please note: this is an untested product.)

Brother Russell's Radio Jihad CD
Brother Russell
\$12.00, 0.2270 kg HEAR-6660



Radio Jihad is 60 minutes of prank calls to religious & talk radio shows by 'Melba' & 'Dave'. The calls range from Melba's senility

induced prattle to Dave's bizarre christian conspiracy theories. The responses of the hosts range from confusion to semi-coherent vitriolic attacks against 'the diseased homosexual community'. Christian bashing as entertainment. Ideal listening material for those Sunday morning church induced traffic jams.

'The Probe' Alien Shirt
Ross Kennedy
\$16.50, 0.2730 kg SKIN-0951



2 Alien technicians administering alien sex practices to a willing nude human female abductee...

Black ink on white cotton. Specify size L or XL.

Neuromancer (Audio)
William Gibson
\$25.00, 0.3150 kg HEAR-0110



Though out of print, the resource team at FringeWare was able to score a limited number (5, actually) of this fantastic audio book. Read by

William Gibson & full of stereophonic effects & music, this is a truly haunting version of Neuromancer. Highly recommended. (4 cassettes, 6 hours)

Run With The Hunted
Charles Bukowski
\$12.00, 0.2220 kg HEAR-4002



There is nothing like hearing Bukowski's alcohol & smoke scarred voice laughing through the lines of his poetry & prose. Like few

authors ever even imagine, Bukowski lived his writing. He was the Word. Only he can speak it with just the right amount authority & grace. Included here are selections from Ham on Rye, "are you drinking?", "consummation of grief" & others. (1 hour)

Idoru (audio)
William Gibson
\$17.95, 0.2660 kg HEAR-4321



Audio version of Gibson's latest work. Set in the future-realistic world first introduced in Virtual Light, in this novel we follow the journey of Chia Pet

McKenzie to Japan as the fourteen year old emissary from her Seattle based chapter of the Lo/Rez fan club, & Colin Laney, a researcher whose uncanny talents for finding patterns from the sea of information from consumer data collection services a nearly as highly valued as they are feared. As is usual with Gibson's style, the narrative is divided between the actions of both characters as twists of fate bring their divergent paths ever closer to one another. Possibly his best novel since Count Zero, sez I. (2 cassettes, 180 minutes)

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Baphomet Tarot by H R Giger
H R Giger, Akron
\$60.00, 0.4750 kg
BOOK-0-88079-714-2



Baphomet Tarot, the tarot of the underworld, is a succession of paintings by the Swiss artist & designer H.R. Giger. This tarot package includes a tarot of

the 22 cards of the major arcana, reproduced in full color from the original acrylic airbrush paintings, as well as a complete booklet of instructions, including methods of interpreting & spreading the cards. A 'must have' for any Giger fan.

Schwa Metallic Alien Detector Badge

Bill Barker

\$12.00, 0.2010 kg MEME-9009



An import from the UK division of the Schwa Corporation, these Xenon coated metal 'badges' (or as we call 'em in Texas, 'pins') will flash red in the presence of aliens.

Measuring circa 2 cm, these instruments could very well save your life. Also doubles as a conversation starter at abductee meetings. Metallurgical analysis of the badges remains inconclusive.

Information Hazard Warning Label

Michael Lilliquest

\$0.50, 0.0050 kg MEME-0001



This 1.5" by 3.5" dayglo orange warning sticker has the 'official'

international Information Hazard warning icon as well as text: "DANGER! INFORMATION HAZARD! Contents of this package contain material of an informational nature. Use of this product may lead to unforeseen consequences." Designed by Michael Lilliquest as a FringeWare exclusive.

UFO playing cards "The Alien Deck"

EBE Inc.

\$6.00, 0.1450 kg PLAY-0029



Standard playing cards - except the Jokers, King, Queen, & Jack of each suit are aliens. The rest of the cards have a flying

saucer icon. The reverse features a starred background. Pass the hours until your abduction with a few games of solitaire.

Fringe Ware Review #01
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0101



Premiere Issue. Survival on the margins of cyberculture. Tom Jennings, Bob Black, gonzo fiction by Don Webb, etc.

Fringe Ware Review #02
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0102



Survival Issue. Cyborgianix, Applied Memetics, Info Economics, etc. Mindfood truck-stop on the Information Super-yaweh.

Fringe Ware Review #03
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0103



The Environmental Issue (media environs). David Blair on WAX, discourse on media environs. Ivan Stang i.v. by Wiley Wiggins, stories by Don

Webb, Erika Whiteway and more. Winner of 1994 Editor's Choice award by Factsheet Five.

Fringe Ware Review #04
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0104



Psyberchix Issue. Special guest editors Erika Whiteway and Tiffany Lee Brown on gender viz. virtual community and media.

Fringe Ware Review #05
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0105



Stay Awake Issue. Jon Lebkowsky edits, John Shirley on Gurdjieff, Erik Davis, Jerod Pore, UFO resources, Schwa cover.

Fringe Ware Review #06
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0106



Issue #6(66). Don Webb edits with Ron Hale-Evans, Edred Thorssen, Tiffany Lee Brown, Erika Whiteway and more on Temple of

Set, Gothick origins, darkness, magick, goats and Satan.

Fringe Ware Review #07
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0107



WelrD Issue...R.U.Wired? Paco Xander Nathan edits a parody of Wired magazine, with features on Genesis P-Orridge, McLuhan Center, DIY

Infobotics and nEuroRancid (a parody of Neuromancer).

Fringe Ware Review #08
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0108



Fringe LifeStyles : Tiffany Lee Brown & Erika Whiteway edit this issue featuring the finer points of squatting, Barbie, aging, an interview w/

Robert Anton Wilson & the usual chaos.

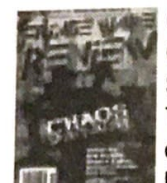
Fringe Ware Review #09
FringeWare, Inc.
\$5.00, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0109



Sex, Politics, Religion & Food. Jon Lebkowsky & Jim Thompson co-edit this issue. Includes recipes & fiction by Don

Webb, interview w/ Phil Zimmerman (creator of PGP), VRML & much more.

Fringe Ware Review #10
FringeWare, Inc.
\$3.95, 0.1480 kg ZINE-0110



Chaos Spirituality. Co-edited by Erik Davis & Spiros Antonopoulos. This issue features

original works by Hakim Bey, Rob Brezsny, Richard Kadrey, Genesis P-Orridge & Don Webb, as well as the usual FWR memes of chaos that infest every issue...

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Pixar Interactive, **Mark Pauline** |
Survival Research Laboratory,
Thomas Dolby Robertson |
musician/producer,
Douglas Rushkoff | author,
Richard Kadrey | Gomi Boy
Industries, **R. U. Sirius** | author,
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SubGenius, **Bruce Sterling** |
author, **Mark Rolston** |
frogdesign, & **Chipp Walters** |
Human Code. (All speakers subject to change)

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